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MERCURY

OCTOBER 1953

It Cost You 775 Thousand Million Dollars	Paul Martin	5
Art Comes to Your Refrigerator	Howard Rushmore	11
Tails of the Capital	James L. Harte	13
Birdie's Book About Her Brothel	Irene Corbally Kuhn	16
Nightfall in Ireland	Joy M. Collins	20
The Man Who Tried to Forget	Harry Botsford	22
Mr. Dulles and "Hands Across the Sea"	John T. Flynn	25
South to the Pacific	Marian P. Fickes	31
What Flavor, Soldier?	H. A. Burr	34
Shall the United Nations Make Our Laws?	John W. Bricker	39
The Windy West	Stan Hoig	46
Down to Earth: The Miracle of Birds	Alan Devoe	49
America at Tussaud's	Trevor Holloway	53
Moscow's Medicine Men	J. B. Matthews	58
Miami Metamorphosis	Tom Q. Smith	63
There Are Two Sides to Every Story	Ethel Wachs	67
America's Worst Badman	James R. Aswell	68
Foreign Money	Ben Masselink	74
The Web	Grace Lee Kenyon	78
The Man Who Bought Alaska	Carol Letcher	81
Dentistry Without Fear	Letha L. Patterson	85
In Our Readers' Opinion		88
Do You Know That —	Nora de Toledano	90
The Coming Battle on Tariffs	Patrick McMahon	91
The Art of Back-Fencing	Sandie Stevens	95
Wooden Warships Are Back Again	A. A. Hoehling	97
Is War Inevitable?	Walter M. Haushalter	100
Power From Wind	J. H. W. Kerston	105
Why Americans Can't Win at Marathoning	Clarence H. DeMar	107
Mary Mundt's Mite	Elizabeth Churchill	109
The Scotch Damn-Yankee	Diana Boettcher	113
The Lost Voice	Beatrice Stone	115
We Need a Doctor	Calvin R. Starnes, Jr.	116
Lesson in Russian	Frank Sisk	121
Alas, Poor Alice	Humphry Bullock	122
America, Where's Your Backbone?	Donald R. Wilson	124
About Pawnshops in China	Eva R. Saxl	128
Convicts Take the Cure	George Dolan	130
Sound on Disc		133
Nobody Likes Troublemakers	Alfred Kohlberg	135
Books in Review	Frank S. Meyer	136

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It Cost You **775 Thousand Million Dollars In Twenty Years**

By Paul L. Martin

*Chief of the Washington Bureau
The Gannett Newspapers*

THE Eisenhower administration has closed the ledger on twenty years of money management in the Federal Government by the New Deal and Fair Deal.

The Truman-Roosevelt era, from a Treasury bookkeeping standpoint, came to a close with the end of the 1953 fiscal year on June 30.

Starting July 1, President Eisenhower has been on his own to make good on Republican campaign pledges to balance the

budget, cut federal spending, and reduce taxes.

Here is what the record shows as the cumulative effect of financial policies carried out under preceding Democratic administrations for the fiscal years 1934 through 1953:

Spending

During the last twenty years, the Federal Government has spent a total of more than 775 billion dollars.

In the English and German style of numeration, which gives a better conception of this huge figure, the sum is 775 thousand million dollars.

Spelled out, that figure is \$775,000,000,000.

It amounts to three-quarters of a trillion dollars.

That is twenty times the total amount of monetary gold in the entire world.

It is ten times more than the total amount of money in circulation in the entire world.

Money spent during the Roosevelt and Truman administrations amounts to almost seven times more than total Government expenditures for the entire first 145 years of the Republic.

Up until the first full fiscal year of the Roosevelt administration, starting on July 1, 1933, total spending of the Federal Government since 1789 had amounted to only 113 billion dollars.

That includes the periods of World War I, the Spanish-American War, Civil War, Mexican War, Indian campaigns, and War of 1812.

In the first fiscal year of President Franklin D. Roosevelt's tenure, federal spending was running at a rate of 6.7 billion dollars.

In the last fiscal year of Presi-

dent Harry S. Truman's last term, federal spending reached a peacetime high of 74.6 billions.

This spending rate was exceeded in only three fiscal years of World War II, when expenditures totaled 98.7 billion dollars in 1945; 95.3 billions in 1944; and 79.6 billions in 1943.

Prior to World War II, the federal budget never topped 10 billion dollars.

Since World War II, the budget has never been lower than 34 billion dollars.

Revenue

During the New Deal and Fair Deal, the Federal Government collected taxes and other revenues totaling 536 billion dollars.

That is almost six times the total revenues collected by the Government in the first 145 years of the nation, when receipts totaled 91.5 billions.

The federal tax rate per capita has gone up approximately 1,500 per cent since 1933.

The per capita rate in 1933 was \$30. The average tax payment per individual in 1953 was \$450. Average payment per taxpayer last year amounted to more than \$1,200.

In 1933, less than four million individuals paid federal income taxes. In 1953, more than 62 mil-

lion persons filed income tax returns. higher than they were back in 1933.

Approximately two million citizens today, who earn \$1,000 a year or less, pay federal taxes ranging from \$22.20 to \$88.00 per person.

In 1933, a family man who earned \$3,000 a year or less didn't pay any income taxes whatsoever. One who earned \$4,000 paid approximately \$44 to Uncle Sam.

Today, a married couple with one child and \$4,000 a year income pay approximately \$488.40 in federal taxes.

In the 1953 fiscal period, federal tax collections reached an all-time peak of 65.2 billion dollars — exceeding even the highest tax collections during “all out” war from 1941 through 1946.

The highest previous peak was 62.1 billions in 1952. Next high was 48.1 billions in 1951.

The greatest tax collection in any year of World War II was 44.8 billion dollars in 1945. Lowest in any post-war year was 37 billions in 1950.

When President Roosevelt entered office in 1933, federal tax collections amounted to 3.1 billion dollars a year.

In the last fiscal year of the Truman administration, tax collections were 2,100 per cent

Deficits

During the last twenty years, previous Democratic administrations piled up federal deficits totaling 252 billion dollars.

In only three out of the twenty fiscal years was there a budget surplus.

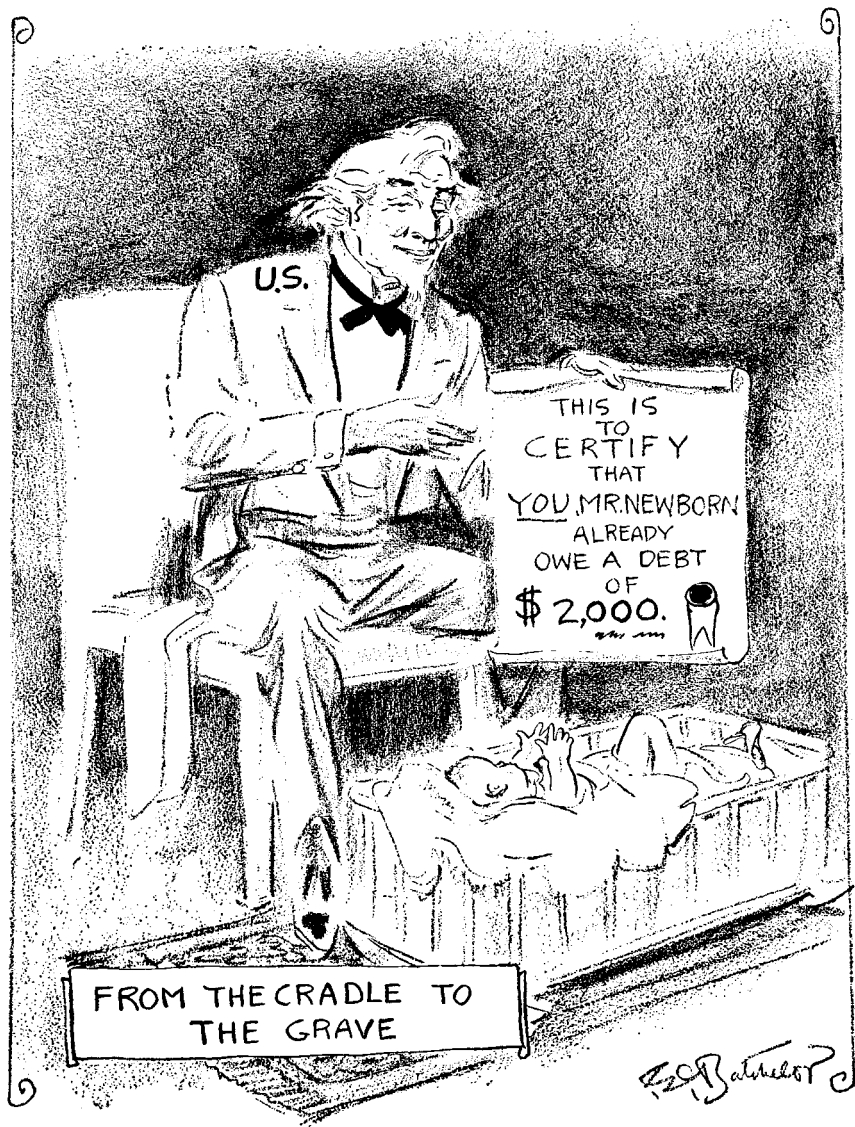
Two of these years were during the tenure of the Republican-controlled 80th Congress in 1947 and 1948, when surpluses amounted to a total of 9.1 billion dollars.

The other, a 3.5-billion-dollar surplus, occurred in 1951, when Congress was slow to appropriate funds to the armed forces, a new tax increase was voted, and government agencies found they couldn't spend all the money Congress had provided before the end of the fiscal year.

Net deficit for the last twenty years amounts to more than 239 billions. In other words, the Federal Government has spent about one-half as much more money than it was able to collect in revenues.

The deficit was added to the national debt, year by year, under the red-ink bookkeeping of previous Democratic administrations.

The total budget deficit for the first 145 years of the nation



amounted to 21.5 billion dollars, including costs of all wars prior to 1933.

Since then, deficits have run a total of 1,200 per cent higher.

The deficit which President Roosevelt inherited in 1933 from the last fiscal year of the Hoover administration amounted to 2.6 billion dollars.

President Eisenhower has inherited a 9.4-billion-dollar deficit from the last fiscal year of the Truman administration.

That is the highest federal deficit in history, outside of five World War II years, 1942 through 1946.

It is 3.5 billions higher than former President Truman estimated the 1953 deficit would be, last January.

Debt

At the end of the 1933 fiscal year, the national debt amounted to 22.5 billion dollars.

The per capita share which each American would have had to put up to pay off that debt entirely was \$179.48.

At the end of the 1953 fiscal period, the national debt was more than 266 billions.

The statutory ceiling on the national debt is 275 billions, but even this figure might have been

exceeded had the Senate granted President Eisenhower's request to raise the debt limit to 290 billions in July.

Per capita indebtedness of the nation today amounts to more than \$2,000 for each man, woman, and child in America.

Foreign Aid

Most of the debt and deficit of the last twenty years has gone into military expenditures and foreign aid.

Since 1940, Congress has provided funds totaling nearly 95 billion dollars for various types of aid to foreign nations, through lend-lease, British loan, UNRRA, the Greek-Turkish program, "Marshall Plan," Mutual Security Program, Point Four aid to "underdeveloped" areas, and various other types of international subsidies.

President Eisenhower asked Congress for another foreign-aid authorization totaling more than 5 billion dollars. Congress provided approximately 4.5 billions in new cash.

Mutual Security Administrator Harold Stassen is proposing to spend 6.5 billions on foreign aid in the 1954 fiscal period — a half-billion more than the Truman administration spent in 1953.

The new authorization approved by Congress brings to nearly 100 billions the total figure which American taxpayers, through their government, have given away to other nations.

This amounts to more than \$650 for each individual in the United States. It amounts to approximately \$1,800 for each taxpayer.

The amount of money which MSA is proposing to spend on foreign aid this year is roughly 1 billion more than the federal deficit of 5.6 billions which Treasury Secretary Humphrey has estimated for the end of the 1954 fiscal year.

If there had been no foreign aid program, the national debt

today would be 171 billion — not 266 billion dollars.

The net federal deficit of the last twenty years would be 144 billions — not 239 billions.

The 100 billion dollars spent or programmed for foreign aid is equal to the total value of all residential construction in this country during the twentieth century.

It is more than twice as much as the total net value of all property, plant and equipment owned by all American manufacturing concerns combined.

It is more than four times as much as the entire gold stock of the United States.

It is more than all the money in circulation in the entire world.



» I place economy among the first and most important of republican virtues, and public debt as the greatest of the dangers to be feared.

THOMAS JEFFERSON

Letter to Governor Plumer, 1816

» If a national debt is considered a national blessing, then we can get on by borrowing. But as I believe it is a national curse, my vow shall be to pay the national debt.

ANDREW JACKSON

Letter, July 4, 1824

Art

By Howard Rushmore



COMES TO YOUR REFRIGERATOR

WALTER DORWIN TEAGUE's design for living includes dreams of an atom-powered automobile with a fuel supply that will outlast the owner's lifetime.

Naturally, this is a hope Teague admits must be realized in the future, but he insists it is only a matter of some years. As one of the world's outstanding industrial designers, Teague is not a man with his head in the clouds but a conservative who bases his predictions on scientific analysis. His head is full of designs and blueprints, not fantasies.

He confides that one day America's great cities will have huge industrial plants, as clean as office buildings, in the heart of residential districts where employees will walk to work from their homes.

This scientific advance will not turn us into a nation of robots but will, instead, free the mind for really creative work. Teague also envisages an era of rugged individual-

ism in a highly competitive economic framework with "trained, intellectual executives taking the leadership in removing all drudgery from the world of work."

These glimpses of a machine-age future come from a man who never went to college and who owes his entire formal education to the Pendleton, Indiana high school which he and his five brothers and sisters attended while their father was struggling to raise the Teague brood on a small-town minister's salary.

Industrial designing was still an unexplored field when Teague left Pendleton and came to New York City at the age of nineteen. He went to the Art Students League and won a few prizes for his drawings; but he also acquired a knowledge of design that later was to play a major role in his pioneer work in the field of industrial design. He then shifted to an advertising agency and did occasional work in product

and packaging design. This was in 1927. (It was then, Teague says, when industry began to realize that they had to make products that not only performed better but looked better.) He was somewhat startled but delighted when an Eastman Kodak representative called on him and told him they needed an artist to help design their products.

Up until then, industry had taken the view that the artist was a non-utilitarian Bohemian. Teague disproved this theory by the practical application of his talent to a commercial product and by convincing the Eastman people of his interest by spending one week a month in their Rochester plant working closely with their engineers.

Teague's success with Eastman products drew the attention of other industrialists and he soon was applying the lessons of the graphic arts to autos, glassware, buildings, office interiors, optical instruments, railway cars, household appliances, and all forms of merchandise.

"I train my staff to realize that a satisfactory design, whether it's the interior of a seventy-five passenger airplane or a fountain pen, must look *right*," Teague says. "The function of an industrial designer is to assist in making the product simpler to manufacture, easier and more convenient to use, more efficient in service, more pleasing in appearance and more desirable to own."

Today, his list of clients reads like a *Who's Who* of industry.

TEAGUE, the first president of the Society of Industrial Designers, takes justified pride in the rapid expansion of his profession during the past quarter century. "In a highly competitive, free-enterprise society such as ours, so substantial a growth would not have been possible if the profession had not completely justified itself economically and socially."

A mild-mannered man with a flair for blue suits, ties and shirts, Teague has the gentle self-confidence of a Hoosier schoolteacher as he sits behind his modern desk in a streamlined office equipped with two air conditioners.

A strong believer in combining the beautiful with the practical, Teague can grow equally enthusiastic over one of his son's fine modern paintings, his daughter's latest novel, or one of his designer's drawings of a streamlined vacuum cleaner. He points out that industrial designers and Michelangelo have common characteristics — both aimed to win a favorable public response and profit for their clients.

Teague still practices the technique he learned in the Eastman shops twenty-five years ago: go directly to the factory and become familiar with the product where it is made. He spends what little spare time he has on his 112-acre New Jersey farm, where he keeps thirty-five milk cows. Neighbors swear eventually Teague will streamline his Jerseys, but he denies this. "I work *with* nature, not against her," he says.

tails of the Capital



BY JAMES L. HARTE

EIGHTEEN years ago, a freshman Congressman from Illinois, Everett McKinley Dirksen, made headlines from coast to coast when he revealed that virtually every member of Congress had rented a dress suit for a White House reception.

"I rented one, too," exclaimed the unabashed Dirksen, "and I can't see any reason to be ashamed of it. Why, we cornhuskers from the Middle West don't get a chance to step out this way very often."

Since then, that particular "cornhusker" has been frequently in the nation's headlines. He has become one of the most popular and respected members of the United States Senate and one of the acknowledged leaders of the Republican Party. His wardrobe now boasts a dress suit, too, although the picture he painted eighteen years ago has not otherwise changed with the times. Formal attire for hire remains big business in the Nation's Capital.

Last year, shortly before the June adjournment of the 82nd Congress, a Representative from Pennsylvania, not given to "fancy duds" (as he expressed it), had to ask the advice of his secretary when invited to a

White House function that called for formal dress.

"You can rent a tuxedo, sir," the solon was advised. "Most Congressmen do when they are invited to formal affairs."

"I can?" he beamed. Then he said, "You do it for me; it wouldn't look good if I was seen renting a monkey-suit."

The young lady allowed him to drape his suit-coat over her shoulders, the better for her to judge the size of the tux to be rented for him. Later, at one of the several Washington clothing establishments which rent out tuxedos, cutaways, and tails, she tried on a number of jackets until she swam in one as she had in the Congressman's suit-coat. She paid the rental fee and delivered the tux to her boss. Fortunately, it proved a perfect fit and the legislator appeared at the White House in his "fancy duds" as though to the manner born.

TAILORS such as Sam Scogna and Max Stein, whose establishments are among the oldest on the Washington scene, report that while peak periods in this attire-for-hire busi-

ness are during the White House and embassy social seasons, there is a year-around demand for smart-set dinner parties, weddings, funerals of state, and to a lesser degree for conventions and college proms. Should Scogna, Stein, and their brethren ever decide to recall their rented clothes on any night during the heavy season, about 300 male guests would have to wander home in barrels.

Members of Congress are the most frequent users of the service, paying rentals that range from four dollars to ten dollars, dependent upon the type and condition of the suit. The fees cover not only the suit and accessories but service in case of emergency. The Capital's National Press Club, during one of the big Gridiron Club dinners, was the scene of such emergency. An embarrassed Press Club attendant telephoned a rental agency: a famed editor was marooned in the Club's men's room with a zipper that refused to zip. The owner of the editor's rented attire rushed a tailor to the scene, who got the zipper zipping in a jiffy.

Max Stein was once called on, in a particular emergency, by a nervous, harassed bridegroom at a fashionable wedding. The groom had rented a cutaway for his best man and the fellow had vanished, cutaway and all! The bridegroom wanted another cutaway, and quick. Tailor Stein delivered it pronto, but on the person of one of his staff, not

wanting to risk another loss. The Stein employee doubled in brass as best man.

NINETY-NINE out of every 100 rentals are returned promptly the day after service. Occasionally, a forgetful wearer will lapse, such as the professor who rented tails while in the Capital to attend a convention. Eight months later, the outfitter received a bulky package from Belgium. The professor had at long last remembered to return the garment.

There is always a yield from the pockets of such rented wear. Mostly, it is in varying amounts of change. Sometimes, and more frequently than would be generally realized, it is wedding licenses. Almost always there is a compact or a lipstick which the wearer had apparently graciously stowed away for his date. "Once in a while," Sam Scogna smilingly avers, "there is a lady's garter. It's mysterious, too, because it's always just one garter and never a pair."

Others in the trade report such odd objects retrieved from pockets as a crushed piece of cake, a small-caliber pistol, a baby shoe, a woman's passport, a hunting knife, a lady's wristwatch, and an undeveloped roll of film.

The proceeds of such pocket-mining are always returned to the person who rented the garment. The business returns sufficient profit without the utilization of the "find-

ers' keepers" claim. The combined business in Washington circulates its attire approximately twenty thousand times a year, netting a combined yearly total of more than \$125,000 in rental fees. Replacement is not as large a cost item as might be imagined, for the average life of such rented wear is from thirty to fifty nights out, and these over an average course of two years. Any suit lasting longer than two years would have to be a suit of mail.

Generally, after the fiftieth mission, the soup-and-fish is frayed, almost lifeless from frequent cleanings, dotted with repaired spots from careless cigarette burns, sometimes incarnadined with lipstick; and it wends a now forlorn way to a place in a burlesque comic's props or, if not too shabby, to the back of a waiter in some out-of-the-way restaurant or café.

Washington's attire-for-hire business is wholly on a men's wear basis, although tailor Stein states: "I wouldn't have half so much business if it weren't for the women. They make men dress up for a lot of affairs where formal dress is optional."

Stein and his confreres used to rent out wraps and evening gowns for women, but they discontinued this service because it was unprofitable. "It was a losing proposition," one of the outfitters explains, "because wear and tear on women's apparel was far greater than on men's. The women were entirely too careless with these clothes they knew

were not their own. Also, salesmen spent too much time on fittings."

Business in tails continues to be even more brisk in this day than it was eighteen years ago when Representative, now Senator, Dirksen first learned of and exclaimed about it. It is not peculiar to the Nation's Capital, of course, but as Washington has grown to become perhaps not only the political and social capital of America but of the world, the business of formal attire for hire here is more than double that in New York, Chicago, or even Hollywood. And hardly a day passes without some new initiate into the ranks of its wearers.

The latest of these was a governor of a southern state, in Washington for the 1952 Christmas holiday season, undoubtedly for the purpose of making new contacts for the change in national administration which loomed immediately ahead. The governor was invited to a reception that called for formal dress. He blustered and bluffed while renting a tux, as though to prove that the wearing of tails was not new to him. But before he quit the establishment, he begged the proprietor to accompany him to his hotel, there to help him dress for the affair he was to attend that night.

Such are the tails of the Capital, with sizes to suit customers up to 52 — long, short, thin, stout — with here and there a tailor stocking an occasional out-size or off-size.

BIRDIE'S BOOK

about

HER BROTHEL



by Irene Corbally Kuhn

ANYONE who thinks we haven't set our national feet on the same dizzy, dissolute downgrade that proved to be the road to ruin for ancient Rome's great civilization, hasn't been reading the signposts right lately.

Recently, one of New York's most expensive, exclusive restaurants, catering to the top trade to whom money is no object, rented part of its premises to a publicity firm throwing a "literary cocktail party" paid for by the publishers to launch their newest "author" — you should excuse the expression. This is the same gilded food-and-drink trap that is so careful of its reputation, and so jealous of its liquor license, that gimlet-eyed men guard the door constantly to keep out loose but lovely ladies who might give this ex-speakeasy a bad name. Once, not so long ago, the "author" who was the "honor guest" at her publisher's cocktail party that day, would have been strong-armed out of the place in a hurry if,

indeed, she had managed to get even one big toe inside the door. Once, too, not so long ago, no publisher would even have entertained the thought of bringing out a book for general sale about the experiences of a madam in running a commercialized vice house. But the publishers of this charming little piece of current literary garbage are quite obviously proud of their business acumen in bidding for the woman's story and helping her write it and get it distributed for profit. The vice-president of the firm and his wife were hosts at the press party for the madam; the vice-president's elderly mother, herself a distinguished American writer, received the madam in her home for cocktails, complimented her on her "courage" in writing the book and encouraged her to keep writing.

The book came out in June and the firm voted an initial sum of nearly \$10,000 to "put it over." The publisher's high-pressure methods paid off quickly. Within a

month of publication, what with help from planted word-of-mouth publicity, "teaser" ads, mention in syndicated Broadway columns, and special efforts directed toward book-sellers and bookstores, the sales soared from 10,000 to 45,000 to 70,000; the book was among the leading entrants in the best-seller sweepstakes of 1953; and publisher and madam are happily getting rich.

IT WAS in the 'twenties that the double standard of morality really began to take a beating. Female chastity became burdensome to hordes of women whose morals were never too steady anyway, and then the professionals started complaining that the amateur competition was ruining their business. Today, the same thing might be said of the book-writing business, with everybody getting into the act. One doesn't really need to know how to write these days in order to be a published author. All one needs is cast iron nerve, some kind of story of "experience," and a ghost writer.

The current volume will get no advertising by name here. Nor will the maudlin and mawkish author, with her delusions of intellectual grandeur and importance, be identified. Let's just call her "Birdie," since that is a near-approximation of her trade-name. Her bold and brazen cathartic case history sells for \$4 a copy and is described on its lurid red jacket with the symbolic

telephone as "the true story of the most famous madam of modern times."

The book is coyly dedicated to "my friends," and the madam had a million of them. They were gangsters, bootleggers, politicians, movie stars; they were the idle rich and the busy boys getting rich, as well as other assorted tramps and two-legged tomcats. There was also one satisfied customer who advised his two college freshman sons to patronize Birdie's house.

In relating how boys were sometimes brought to her place by their fathers, Birdie says the older men "realized the importance of a satisfying and psychologically right initial sex experience, with nothing undignified nor cheap about it." Good thing they did. There was nothing cheap about any sex experience acquired in Birdie's nest.

BIRDIE got into the "gentertaining" business, as Winchell calls it, at a tender age. She came to America alone from her birthplace in Yanow, Russia, with all her belongings in a potato sack on her back. She was fourteen, she says. She went to live with a family in Holyoke, Mass., but they proved to be too cold and dull so she left them and moved in with relatives in Brooklyn. She worked in a corset factory and resisted cousinly efforts to marry her off at seventeen. In quick succession she tells how she was raped by a factory foreman,

bought herself a \$25 abortion, took up dancing, and got thrown out of her cousin's home for staying out all night. She went to live on New York's Lower East Side, got a job in another corset factory, and met a beautiful showgirl named Joan, with a nine-room apartment on Riverside Drive. She moved in with Joan, a dope addict, until Joan's mother and mother's gigolo arrived. (Later on, Joan and her mother both went to work for Birdie in Birdie's house and were decidedly popular as a freak attraction, she says.) When Joan began to display signs of perversion in Birdie's direction, Birdie knew she'd have to move. First, though, she told her troubles to a bootlegger named Tony, who later became a well-known gangster.

"At that time he was having an affair with a rather prominent woman; she was married and they had to be careful. He said if I would take an apartment and allow him to meet his friend there, he would pay the rent. I jumped at the offer."

It never occurred to Birdie, she says, to think of Tony's plan and her part in it as being moral or immoral. "It did not touch me personally. It simply paid my rent," she says.

In a short time Tony and his married girl friend had broken up and he asked Birdie to get him another girl. She did. Now, with an apartment and an employee, she was in business. She was twenty years of age.

SOON she had other girls working for her and then one night the cops came and arrested her for running a disorderly house. Although the case was dismissed for lack of evidence, she was now listed in the police files as a procuress and at this point our young heroine says: "Now I had to make a choice between keeping what name and reputation I had left or taking my chances on making money fast. To me it was a question not of morals but of economics—I knew the value of money, but how could I compute the value of a good name? As I saw it, it came down to this: Did I want to leave my apartment on Riverside Drive and go back to a hole on Second Avenue? What other (sic) alternative was there? Factory work was the only kind I knew. I made up my mind quickly. So far as I was concerned the Golden Land was still Riverside Drive and I was determined to stay there . . . having made this decision I began to do things in a more businesslike way. To build up a bigger clientele I patronized more night clubs and let it be known to headwaiters and captains that my apartment was now a house, cautioning them to send only those who could pay twenty or more. Since my objective was to make my stake as quickly as possible, I took care of my phone twenty-four hours a day and never said no to anyone who was out to spend, regardless of the hour."

Madame "Horatio Alger" suc-

ceeded so well she was on the move all the time, ducking cops and raids with agile skill, sometimes going off in the pie-wagon with her girls, only to be let off for lack of evidence. She was called as a witness in the famous Seabury investigation in 1931 but it was not until 1935 that her luck with the law ran out. She has the colossal bad taste to refer to March 5, 1935, the day the law got the goods on her, as her "personal Pearl Harbor." And, ironically enough, it was not the narcotics she'd taken from an inmate and hidden in her suit pocket when the cops came that sent her to the Women's Prison. It was lewd movies which a patron had parked with her a few days before.

AFTER she'd served her short 25-day term she went back into business and prospered mightily. It must be said of Birdie that she always took herself and her business with the utmost seriousness. "Just as in top restaurants it is the personality of the *maitre d'hotel* which gives a place its particular *cachet*, so does the personality of the madam count a great deal and in the long run the difference between my place and other houses in the same price bracket was me . . . to me, my patrons were not just ambulatory bankrolls, but individual human beings — social acquaintances and often friends — entitled to the cordiality and consideration one extends to an honored guest. There is a

Polish saying: 'When a guest enters the house, God enters the house'; and this was the golden rule of my hospitality."

This obscenity is the dead-pan statement of the madam who is now being taken seriously by book critics, some columnists, commentators and all that strange company of human beings who find anyone or anything which makes money to be not only acceptable but right and even admirable. This is the character whose middle-aged feet are now killing her; who finds her former business no longer as exciting, agreeable or profitable as being a real, live author. This is the woman who makes no apologies for the life she led, and who shows no apparent remorse for the lives she debauched. Instead, her ego is such that she fancies herself an historian of the 'twenties which she calls Golden, that era of wholesale crime and rule by gangster which was one of the blackest, most evil and shameful in America's history. Listen to her pretentious gibberish:

"From the parlor of my house I had a backstage, three-way view. I could look into the underworld, the half-world, and the high. What I saw may shock or disgust some readers, but it was there to be seen, and it belongs on the record."

Who says so? And why? Does the necessary garbage gathered from the scraps on today's table have to be fashioned into a centerpiece for tomorrow's dinner?



Nightfall in Ireland

BY JOY M. COLLINS

BEHIND the beach there is a strip of marsh and a low-banked stream treads a soft and surreptitious way through the land upon which it has repeatedly trespassed. A heron turns his long-billed head and gazes into the shallow pool in which he stands. It is not big enough to hold much more than his own reflection and we decide he is a vain bird. A flock of sandpipers comes in from the shore, their flight a poem written in the evening sky for our delight. We stand to watch the marvelous precision of maneuvering which will show us, first their dark backs and then, all at once, their white undersides, a sight thrilling as the first handful of snowflakes fluttering from a winter sky.

We walk on, remembering that once we saw a kingfisher flash down by the river bank and his color filled the evening with a magic we have not forgotten. Further on we leave the marsh and reach the pier. With its slim length before us, we lengthen our stride and push our faces into

the breeze that smells of sea and seaweed and tar and fish and a life on the ocean wave. We overtake two girls, one dressed in warm yellow and one in cool green and we want to shout, "Thank you," for the banner of color made by skirts swinging together in the wind.

We reach the end of the pier and watch the white waves dancing on the blue waters beyond the harbor — sandpipers, poetry in the skies — white waves, ballet on the seas.

We gaze at far horizons and wonder what they find who go down to the sea in ships. Our minds stretch out to lands hidden from our eyes by the veil of distance.

We turn to come back along the pier and the wide, wide world is well lost for the beauty before us. The sky and the harbor waters wear a delicate blush — What was it the lazy sun whispered to them before he dropped down to rest behind the land? Already they have called to the night to cool their burning cheeks, but the night, anxious to be

wedded to the land, pays them only slight attention and their blushes fade slowly.

There is a beauty about the mountains which draws the night. She comes softly to their feet, but they hold themselves apart and would dream a little longer of old, old glories, while rose pink clouds still make garlands for their brows. The night touches to a new softness their curving outlines and slowly the mountains withdraw their heads from the clouds, look down, perceive her outstretched arms and lift her to embrace them. She is deeply moved and stirs in all of her being so that the very sky grows pale in the instant before darkness draws a curtain across its face to hide from it the secrets of this wooing. High on this curtain hangs the first star of evening, alone and pale.

WE BECOME aware of lights twinkling all along the shore line, of pencil-slim spires etched against the night sky, of the hooting and humming of traffic carried down to us on the newly still air, of the impression our town gives of being a little old lady holding her skirts just above the lapping waters and looking to the mountains for protection against rough elements. We come to her out of the loneliness that is in the beauty of the night and she receives us warmly. She is busy, but friendly and has a hundred small snatches of gossip.

There is old Mr. Quinlan, just

about to pull down the shutters on his shop front. He has been doing it every evening for forty years, but now there is a notice in the window which announces a change of management to take place tomorrow.

We reach the residential area and through a lighted window, see two curly-headed children in night attire kneel by the fireside before going to bed. Further on a door opens, light and laughter stream out upon the neatly kept garden path and the shimmer of silk and glimmer of a white shirt front tell us the night is still young and only beginning for some.

At the top of this quiet road stands our house with the cloak of darkness falling in graceful folds about its form. And yet it is otherwise unadorned, but we will soon give it the bright pearls of lighted windows.

There is a lilac tree spreading over the wall of the garden which is three from ours and for a moment we are wholly inebriated by its rich intoxicating perfume. No bouquet, even of the choicest wine, could cause the sudden heady exultation we feel.

We look up, no lone star, but a vivid galaxy bejewels the night. There is a sickle moon, pale and slim as a young girl dressed in bridal white trailing a veil of gossamer cloud.

In the garden there is a smell of rich earth, of new-mown grass, of things green and growing. The sleepy voice of a disturbed fledgling bids us be gone and leave the world to slumber and to sleep.

The Man Who Tried to Forget

By HARRY BOTSFORD

I KNEW Ferdinand Jensen when he was well past middle age, the caretaker of a remote and comfortable cabin to which several of us had a somewhat tenuous title, deep in the heart of the Adirondacks. He was small, deeply tanned, a little on the grim side until you looked in his eyes, which could twinkle on occasion.



He was a natural woodsman. You could stand on a deer crossing, your ears and eyes alerted for sound and movement, and suddenly you'd feel a hand on your shoulder, and there would be Ferdy. If you jumped, and I did, he would grin briefly.

He impressed me as a lonely man, but Frank, who had known him a long time, thought otherwise. "Ferdy has been trying to forget for forty years," he explained. "He works so hard at it that he doesn't have time to be lonely."

He told the story of Ferdinand Jensen, as Ferdy had told it to him. Frank was the only one in whom Ferdy had confided.

He had been the only child of a family who owned the first steamship line from Norway to the United States. He was fifteen when he

fell in love with a girl far below the social level his family had expected. They were unhappy about the affair and decided that they would send Ferdinand on one of their ships to the United States, in the hope that it would cure him of his love affair.

Some time later he returned home, kissed his mother, shook hands with his tall, stern father. "And how is Olga?" he asked anxiously.

His mother hesitated, then told him the truth. "She is dead! She died of diphtheria; nothing could save her."

He stood, white-faced, took the shock like a man. But his mother, a stolid and tactless woman, made the mistake of adding: "It is best that it happened so, Ferdinand."

His face twisted. He turned, walked out of the door — and out of their lives — never to see them again. He worked as a dock hand, came again to America, drifted for a few years, and finally settled out in the country, where I met him. He became a squatter on 40,000 acres of forest, with miles of such trout streams as Potter Brook and the Jordan River. He was a stench

and an offense to the elite Killcare Club that owned the territory and a \$40,000 club house.

A recluse, he lived in a tiny cabin, tried to forget, lived off the country, came to hate "wenison" as he called it, for it was his staple, summer and winter. He guided hunters and fishermen and made a meager living. He bought canvas and oil and brushes, discovered that he had a talent for painting and in trying to forget Olga, *painted* Olga.

Only Frank ever saw that painting. Frank is not an art lover, but he recognized the simple beauty and adoration he saw there. "That painting was of a beautiful girl," he told me. "Her hair was like spun gold, her eyes were sky-blue and there seemed to be a twinkle in them. Her complexion was peaches and cream." Ferdy always hid the painting when we came to camp.

HE DIDN'T forget Olga. "When I first knew Ferdy, and he didn't think I was around, he'd sit on a log in the woods and talk to her by the hour," Frank told me. "He will never forget her."

A strange man, Ferdinand Jensen. After an elaborate search, two attorneys from Norway found him to tell him his parents were dead and that he was the sole heir to the steamship fortune. He grabbed a rifle and drove them away with curses and loud abuse.

Frequently, he was in trouble. A confirmed game law violator,

he was furious when others did the same thing. He killed out-of-season in order to eat, and he thought that was permissible. But let a member of a hunting party he was guiding shoot a doe "just for the fun of it" and Ferdy angrily chased the whole crowd from his cabin.

The Killcare Club management had him arrested for game law violation and he was sentenced to serve a month in jail. But when he returned, he still had to eat; so he killed another doe and ate it—without relish. He returned one day to find the cabin in ashes. His face was grim as he talked it over with Olga. He had her painting hidden; it was not destroyed. He wrote Frank and asked him to send a dozen plumber's candles, the short, thick candles. They were included in the next batch of stuff we sent him. (We supplied him with tobacco, batteries for his radio, mittens and canned meats at intervals.)

Next came a cryptic message for Frank to come up. Ferdy met him at Tupper Lake and they had a few drinks. Ferdy told Frank what had happened. A perfect woodsman, he could predict weather and winds with great accuracy. When he knew the wind would be right for his purpose, he buried the candles in brush heaps at strategic points. He knew how long it would take the candles to burn down to a tinder-dry bed of inflammable pine twigs. He knew when there would be a west wind. He went to

Tupper Lake, visited a number of bars, got into one small fight and generally caused his presence to be felt. Late that night, word came that a fire of unknown origin had swept through a thousand acres of woodland and destroyed the \$40,000 club house of the Killcare Club.

Frank was angrily aghast at the confession. Ferdy grinned bleakly. "They come to me and they make a peace," he said. "They will build me a big cabin. Rent free! I can ride back and forth on their railroad. I can have hunting and fishing parties. Only, they say, no more fires, please."

THAT was how we secured our tenuous title to the cabin. Once, when I was tired of trout fishing, I saw a new side to Ferdy. At sunset, he tapped me on the shoulder. "Come, I will show you my circus," he said. We walked for half a mile through the woods to a clearing and sat down. He cautioned me against smoking and talking. Soon, four does and six fawns appeared — yellow, white, nimble and playful. They chased each other; they staged mock fights; they leaped and did everything but crack their heels together. Never have I seen anything like it. Every night, he later told me, the does and fawns came down there to play and cavort. One fawn, graceful and fragile, caught his eye. "That fawn, she looks like Olga!" he said softly. Then realizing what he had

said, he stalked toward the cabin.

Adirondack winters are long and bitterly cold; for months Ferdy would be snowed in. I used to speak of Ferdy and his lonely existence. Frank would smile wisely. "He's not lonesome. He's trying to forget. That keeps him from being lonesome. Right now, the old rascal probably has his pipe filled and is sitting beside a red-hot stove. The radio is on and he's got that painting of Olga propped on the table and he is talking to her. He's far from lonesome."

For several years we didn't get back to the cabin. A thing called the Depression prevented it, but we sent things to Ferdy, received curiously terse letters from him. Then one day, Frank showed me a letter from a doctor in Tupper Lake. Ferdinand Jensen was in a hospital, dying of pneumonia.

Someone from the Killcare Club found him. The cabin was in shambles. At long last, Ferdinand Jensen had forgotten. He had used the painting to kindle a fire in the big stove. Once he had forgotten, he became a lonely man and cabin fever gripped him, sapped his sanity, robbed him of his will to live. Olga was no longer a memory. The painting meant nothing to him.

He is buried in his circus grounds. Maybe the fawn that looked like Olga is an elderly matron now, brings her own fawns to gambol over his grave. Ferdy would like that.

Mr. Dulles

and

"Hands Across the Sea"



BY JOHN T. FLYNN

WHEN John Hay, Secretary of State under McKinley and Theodore Roosevelt, died and Roosevelt was confronted with naming a successor, a Republican Senator said to him: "England has had our State Department for the last four years. Now don't you think it's America's turn?" I can conceive of a British statesman urging, when Eisenhower took over, that, as the Russians had had the State Department for so many years, it was now England's turn to run it. I assume that it would be an act of presumption if Americans were to timidly suggest that we ought to get an occasional inning at shaping our own foreign policies.

For some years our foreign policy has been based on something which is called "world security." But as we seek to discover what is the motive back of our vast and costly activities all over the globe, we will have to concede that these are formed in the interest of neither the United

States nor the wide world itself, but in the interest of whatever country at any given time has the strongest claims upon the affections of the gentlemen who wield that dangerous and costly weapon — the American State Department.

It is, I assume, a fair assumption that most of that sly and oily host of pro-Russian operatives either have been kicked out or have drifted out of the Department. John Foster Dulles is the new pilot of our foreign policy. We are justified, therefore, in seeking to know what interest influences the shaping of our foreign relations under the new leader. The inquiry necessarily involves an inspection of the sentiments and affections which act upon the head and heart of Mr. Dulles.

At the outset, however, this much is obvious. Whatever the intention, the effect of our foreign policies is clearly in the interest of the British Empire. This, of course, could be

on the theory that what is good for the British Empire is good for the United States. Or perhaps, having made a splendid success in establishing the Russian Empire upon a broad and solid base, it could be that in a spirit of fairness our State Department feels now called on to turn its attention to performing a similar service for Great Britain. And, if our country can hold out and our Treasury does not crack up in the process, it may be that in good time our government will get around to doing something for the poor old U.S.A. However, to get a clearer view of these mystic phenomena in the troubled and murky air of global politics, it is necessary to travel what may seem a bit afield and to assemble a few disconnected scraps of information relevant to our central research.

MR. DULLES is a pretty tough and crusty old warrior who has grown rich fighting the battles of great corporations as the head of one of the leading law firms in the world. However, tough and pragmatic as this gentleman is when breaking a lance with a professional adversary, he can, when he puts his weapons aside, adjust his wings, spread them bravely and take off into the circumambient clouds of religion, philosophy, and politics; and can turn flipflops and nose dives in competition with the professors, theologians, social philosophers and global architects on a most impressive scale. He can soar into so many altitudes amid

so many rosy-tinted cloud banks that it is a little difficult to follow him. Let us, therefore, limit our search for his objectives when he takes off on a flight to chart the future course of the United States.

When the Boer War ended fifty years ago, about the safest thing afloat was the British Empire. But Germany, France, Italy and Japan were in the field as dangerous competitors in this gaudy sport of empire-building. Cecil Rhodes, the great British expert in this field in Africa, saw this struggle coming. And he foresaw the time when England would need the support of the "lost colonies." When he died, he left his immense fortune — some \$150,000,000 — to further this aim. He established scholarships by which each year a large number of honor students from America and the Dominions would be given a three-year graduate course at Oxford — all expenses, including travel on the Continent, paid. They would be those students interested in literary and political affairs who, under the influence of the Oxford charm, would develop an Empire-consciousness and an affection for the "Old Mother."

Two of our Assistant Secretaries of State under Mr. Acheson were Rhodes scholars. As the United States was being maneuvered into the war in Asia, the man who sat at Hull's elbow as head of the Far Eastern Department, and exercised a fatal influence over his mind, was

Stanley Hornbeck, another Rhodes scholar. These are just samples which indicate that old Uncle Joe in Moscow did not have all the brains.

THE movement to bring about a Union of Britain and America was organized and is headed by Clarence Streit, a Rhodes scholar who has dedicated his life to this dream. Later he organized a more extensive movement called Federal Union, for the same purpose. The American-British alliance during World War II produced an hospitable atmosphere for this idea, which encouraged a number of wealthy and prominent Americans to organize in 1949 the latest and most powerful and ambitious adventure in this direction. It is called Atlantic Union. Clarence Streit is one of its directors. Its objective is a federal union of the United States, Canada and Great Britain, with France, Holland and Belgium thrown in as window-dressing and to take away the odor of a purely British union. But this is no mere effort of grateful Oxford scholars. The Atlantic Union Committee's board of governors and its council embrace hundreds of rich, influential and even powerful business, political, literary, educational and social leaders.

The movement is headed by former Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts. Its vice-presidents are former Assistant Secretary of State Will J. Clayton and, until his death, former Secretary of War Robert

Patterson. Justice Roberts outlined its aims—the creation of a new sovereign entity to which the United States, Canada and Britain (and France, if she wishes to join) will delegate certain great over-all powers, in much the same manner in which our states delegate powers to the Federal Government. It will have a single foreign policy for its members and a Union defense force. There will be a Union free market and a common currency and postal system. There will be a common citizenship and the Union will have power to impose taxes on all the constituent members to defray the cost of its common army and its common foreign policy.

The seriousness of this drive to sink the sovereignty of the United States in a British-American union may be estimated from the fact that a resolution to summon a convention to begin work on this Union was introduced in the United States Senate by 27 Senators and in the House by 111 Congressmen. When Rhodes launched his plan for a British-American union, England was rich, prosperous, victorious in her African war, her empire at its height. Today all this is changed. Her empire is shattered. Her head is brought low. She is a pensioner of the United States. Her economic life is shattered by the twin disasters of war abroad and socialism at home. The lovers of Britain in America are spurred by a great rescue enterprise in which the United States is to

assume the financial and imperial redemption of this shattered and bankrupt empire. The vast colonial possessions of the empire will not be members of the union or subject to its decrees. Britain will still rule and exploit them, underwritten by that great Republic still paying lip service to the Declaration of Independence. America will formally underwrite the British Empire.

Now, what has all this to do with Mr. John Foster Dulles as Secretary of State? If you were managing the promotion of this gaudy rescue expedition, what would you consider the most important strategic post to occupy? Obviously, it would be that department of the American government which manages its foreign affairs. And this brings us to the framework within which Mr. Dulles's opinions are formed.

America is surrounded by enemies and, what are worse, false friends. The air is charged with dangerous "isms," decked out in the trappings of goodness and light. The defenders of America must be men alerted to the designs of both those who would attack and those who would exploit us. The dark history of the American State Department cannot be explained wholly in terms of treason, but in large part in the blindness of many men to the dangers lurking in the ideals and conduct of their companions, or to a tolerance of the objectives of other countries which they adopt as their intellectual fatherlands. Alger Hiss

could not possibly have been a danger if there had not been so many men in the State Department who did not recognize his intellectual coloration — men, for instance, like Mr. Dulles, who worked with him and took him from the State Department and made him executive officer of the rich Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

IT WAS once fashionable for the man of large mind and lively fancy to have two countries — his own and France. The area of choice has been enlarged. The gentleman of expansive culture can now choose any country he wishes. And Mr. Dulles seems to have chosen his "other country." The best evidence of this is that he has endorsed the Atlantic Union scheme of Clarence Streit and Justice Roberts. In the *New York Times* of November 22, 1952, Clarence Streit hailed Mr. Dulles's appointment as Secretary of State, as well he might. He described Mr. Dulles as a good friend of Atlantic Union. And Mr. Dulles himself confirmed this fully when the Union met in Buffalo only a few days after Mr. Eisenhower announced his intention to name Mr. Dulles as Secretary of State. He sent a telegram to Justice Roberts and the Atlantic Union congratulating it on its work.

This is a matter of no small significance. A profound change has taken place in Britain's attitude toward Soviet Russia and Red

China. Harassed by socialist invasion at home, Britain now faces the difficult problem of enlivening her economic energies by trade with Russia, China, and the whole Communist world. The Korean War had begun to irk Britain desperately, and she had shown a growing impatience with the United States' insistence on victory. Russia, on the other hand, also needs trade not only with Britain but with France and the world. Suddenly we have become aware that our devoted allies, who expect some four billion dollars this coming year and continuing billions later as gifts, are eager to partake of this Russian market. There is no doubt that the Korean settlement, however poor, was the consequence of the pressure from both Russia and Britain for a quick two-way trade between them, which will bind them as friends by hoops of trade, pounds and rubles.

America is surrounded by all sorts of false friends. And I insist that the men who represent America in the world must be men of clear vision and undiluted loyalties who know an enemy when they see him. The capacity of a statesman to think with clarity about the many crusades launched against us will depend upon a few fundamental principles of life and government at the root of all his decisions. I do not question Mr. Dulles's loyalty to his country. But I look with profound concern upon his ideas of what is good for his country. The history of

the disasters sponsored by our State Department during Mr. Roosevelt's and Mr. Truman's regimes cannot be laid wholly to disloyalty. In many cases it was due to myopia.

It would not be fair to Mr. Dulles to say he will run the State Department on pro-British specifications. But this acquittal does not cover his case. He will represent America. But he cannot help having some respect for his own philosophy. He cannot drive from his heart certain illusions he has about Britain and certain other ideals he cherishes. It is difficult to give this subject words without risking an injustice to the man. Perhaps I can best explain it another way. There are clear evidences of confusions in his philosophy. He has looked with grave suspicion upon our economic system, as well as upon our political system. The tortured shape of the world has led many good men to look with misgivings upon our own system of organized life. Mr. Dulles is what might be called a "professional Christian," an important figure in a powerful church group which has toyed for years with a sort of radiant version of heavenly socialism. And he has clearly had his moments of painful doubts. In 1947, the now-dissolved Federal Council of Churches gave wide distribution to a pamphlet by an unnamed author. Recently Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam revealed that it was the work of Mr. Dulles. In it appears this paragraph:

"Communism as an economic program for social control has points of contact with the social method of Christianity in its avowed concern for the underprivileged and its insistence on racial equality.

"Neither state socialism nor free enterprise provides a perfect economic system. Each can learn from the experience of the other. The free enterprise system has yet to prove that it can assure steady production and employment. It has yet to prove it can provide industrial workers with the sense of individual creativeness which gives greater satisfaction than mere material possessions."

THIS does not stamp Mr. Dulles as a socialist. But it does reveal that while he was not satisfied with either communism or capitalism, the only good word proffered for either in this comparison was his discovery that communism did have "points of contact with the social method of Christianity in its concern for the underprivileged." And he feels that while communism can learn something from us, we can learn something from communism.

Along with this plight in which we find him swimming unhappily between communism and capitalism, he finds himself equally unhappy with a world which is made up of separate nations. In an address before a national church conference on February 27, 1940, he said:

"The sovereignty system is no longer tolerable. . . . It is surpris-

ing that mankind has for so long found tolerable this crude conception that sovereignty is absolute and unqualified, save by force."

What did he mean by this curious pronouncement? We find a clue in a speech to a church group on December 11, 1942. He said that the moral order calls for a "true community of nations." He did not mean a mere United Nations. He said there must be a power above the nations which "could safeguard the general welfare of all the peoples." He described the present world even with the United Nations as a world of anarchy which "must give place to a higher authority." What was he driving at? He tells us. Military establishments should be internationally controlled and subject to a community of nations. No American armies, save such as would take orders from a world government.

There must be other changes in the United States. He listed some: equal access of all nations to natural resources, economic collaboration, international control of tariffs, world government.

There is nothing ignoble in these fatuous dreams. But they define a person pathetically incompetent to manage our foreign affairs in the world as it is.

Mr. Dulles should be out leading a crusade for "Union Now" and for perfecting American capitalism with the finer elements of communism — not running the American State Department.

South to the Pacific

BY MARIAN P. FICKES

MY TOWN. How shall I tell of it? In seventeen years I have grown such a part of it that there is a hesitancy, a natural reluctance, as though I were trying to describe myself.

I remember my first sight, my first feeling of it. I had come over the mountains and across the desert from the plains of Texas, then up the coast from San Diego. The Pacific, that day, was a shocking, intense blue — an almost unbelievable blue to eyes used to the sandy-gray and bottle-green of the Gulf. The white surf spread itself slowly over broad, smooth beaches, or reached frantic fingers toward the little houses that clung to the sides of the cliffs. My first impression of California was a chromatic one. The sea, the sky, the incredible pastel hues of the stucco houses scattered like flowers over the hills. The warmth of bright pottery jars lining an outside staircase. Purple bougainvillea staining a copper-colored roof and flowing down over a twisted iron balcony. It was all a story-book land



to me that day, as we turned inland, and north, toward Santa Ana, through rolling green hills where cattle grazed. Santa Ana seemed disappointingly normal to me, at first. Here were wide, clean streets, with low, white houses, just as in Texas. Only the celestial-blue of huge jacaranda trees under a gentle June sun, and the alien palms waving their grass skirts in the breeze, were strange to me. Yet, after all these years, I know my town is different.

Here, because of a convolving coastline, we go *south* to the Pacific, where, at any time of year, you will see at least a few brave bodies in swimming. Here we are comfortable in sun suits and shorts during the winter holiday season, but — more often than not — we shiver under a blanket of fog in May. We can sunbathe in the back yard on a hot day, while looking at snow-capped mountains on the horizon.

Santa Ana used to be known as the "Old Folks Home of California." Elderly people came here because

of the climate and location, and settled down to spend the rest of their lives in a leisurely fashion. The young people, the restless ones, went away in search of a faster tempo. Those who remained were usually the dreamers, and they busied themselves with dreamers' occupations. As a result, almost everyone in town has an "artistic" avocation. We have leather-workers, copper-workers, watercolor-artists, oil-painters, textile-painters, and pottery and ceramic-makers in abundance. We even have busy little people who make little framed pictures out of pressed flowers and grasses.

But most of all, we have writers and poets. I suppose that in every town there are a lot of people who want to "write," but this is probably the only town in which nearly everyone is *doing* it. We have writers in every stage of the game, from Allan Vaughn Ellston — who has been called the "Dumas of Santa Ana, California" — to the dewy-eyed hopeful who is still wistfully rhyming *June* with *moon*, and trying to sell to the top magazines. But at the same time, as very near neighbors we have both Richard Armour and Ethel Jacobson, whose clever and acid rhymes *are* selling to the top magazines.



BUSINESS here is to a great extent dependent upon the orange and

avocado crops. Everywhere there are rows and rows of orange trees, with their waxy leaves, looking like uniformly and monotonously decorated Christmas trees. We have Orange Fairs, Orange Days, Orange Weeks, and even "Eat *More* Oranges" Weeks. One of the latest schemes was the eat-one-more-orange-today-than-you-did-yesterday diet. You start by eating one orange today, two oranges tomorrow, etc. It is guaranteed to reduce both you and your budget, because, after you are up to eating fourteen oranges a day, there is a precious little more you can hold.

Santa Ana is also a city of churches. Some of them are orthodox; a lot of them are not. There must be something in the climate that is beneficial to cults, because they flourish here. There are the spiritualists and mediums who have their own churches and hold services of "worship" right along with their seances. There are tented tabernacles and temples where the services are full of frenzy and divine healing. There are dazzling new churches, as antiseptic-looking as a hospital, and there are old red-brick churches covered with ivy and with dignity; and even on lazy summer Sunday mornings, despite the beckoning mountains and the call of the near-by beaches, it is not unusual to find that most of the churches are crowded to near-capacity.

My town is a social one. There are service clubs, fraternities, sororities, women's clubs, choral groups, dramatic groups, garden clubs, arts and crafts clubs, and clubs with seemingly no purpose or plan. It is hard to find anyone who doesn't belong to one or more organizations, but even without church-or-club friends it is unnecessary to be lonely here. Public dances, so frowned upon in the East, are considered a bit more respectable here, and every night in the week there is at least one in the vicinity, where one may be part of as colorful and as mixed a crowd as can be found anywhere. Large dance halls are plentiful, and it is the usual thing to see teen-agers moving to a furious rhythm of their own, right alongside a sedately waltzing elderly couple. The choice of costume, as well as the choice of dance steps, is highly flexible. Although street clothes are the usual thing, no Southern California public dance would seem complete without at least one sweet young thing in slacks, and, not far away, one sweet old thing in a faded net formal.

Everyday living, too, has an easy informality to it here. The days are long and pleasant, and everyone

seems to have plenty of time just to enjoy life.

But this is not the lazy, slovenly "ease" that I saw in the Deep South. People here seem to get their work done, and done well, with an economy of time and motion that leaves them long hours to spend in the patio, or the garden, or at the typewriter. Almost every back yard has a patio or a barbecue grill, and much of the time, the year round, is spent out-of-doors. Formal entertaining has, for most of us, given way to back-yard suppers. In the matter of dress, too, we have smoothed down the edges of convention. Shorts or slacks are nonchalantly worn on the street, and hats are seldom worn except to church.

Although the days are long, the nights are sudden here. We have no twilight. Darkness comes abruptly when the sun sinks into the Pacific, but it is a gentle darkness. The stars hang low, and the moonlight filtered through pepper trees is the ultimate in beauty. You breathe deeply of the cool air, scented with orange-blossoms or eucalyptus, and you know again that beauty and serenity still exist — in Santa Ana, my town.

Out where the handclasp's a little stronger,
Out where the smile dwells a little longer.
That's where the West begins.

— ARTHUR CHAPMAN

Out Where the West Begins



WHAT FLAVOR, SOLDIER?

By
H. A. BURR

THE shooting has stopped. There won't be the same problem this Thanksgiving. But I remember last year, when the newspapers carried the usual jolly dispatches from Korea about wonders performed by the Quartermaster Corps in distributing drumsticks and pumpkin pie to the men at the front. One report particularly caught my attention—a story about how the 45th Division ration people had used helicopters to deliver ice cream up forward. I marveled, and reminisced.

After spending almost a year at Camp Pickett, Virginia, as a first lieutenant, QMC, teaching rifle marksmanship and squad tactics to men who would pass the rest of their tour within bursting radius of bread ovens and sewing machines, I was shipped to Korea. I arrived at my new unit, the Quartermaster Com-

pany of the 1st Cavalry Division, in August, 1951, and a few days later began understudying the officer in charge of the ration dump, who was ready to go home. I was a bit apprehensive at first. All I could remember about handling food was a few random facts left over from my classes at Quartermaster OCS during World War II: evaporated milk has to be turned over periodically, a can of food which is bloated is known as a "swell" and should be condemned, and bread is subject to a great variety of nasty fungus conditions, one of them called "rope."

As the captain showed me around the area on my first day, I noticed a small group of tents in a barbed-wire enclosure on a little knoll set back from the railroad tracks, and assumed it was somebody else's bailiwick. But when we finished our tour

of the dump the captain said, "Now I'll show you your biggest headache." His smile was grim as we headed for the tents. "This is the ice cream plant. And it's all yours. If you foul up here, you've had it."

The captain introduced me to the corporal in charge, and the two of them showed me around the latest thing in American logistics.

Entering what another neat sign said was the "Production Tent," we were confronted by three detached truck trailers, on which stood machines much like the combination mixer-freezers to be found in any frozen-custard shop in the States, except that these were painted olive drab to blend with the landscape. An enlisted man and several Koreans were tending the machines, all of which churned away steadily.

I learned that ice cream powder came in five-pound cans and that it was necessary only to add water and mix in the machine for fifteen minutes. Under normal conditions, the plant produced enough ice cream to serve every man in the division twice a week, with the issue set at one-fifth of a quart per man. The units of the division were supposed to pick up their ice cream a short time before it was to be eaten, and return the containers promptly.

The corporal gave me a canteen cup full of his product. It was a warm day, and the ice cream went down fine. Not too smooth, and a hint of the can — but still good. At the time, though puzzled about the

captain's distaste for the plant, it seemed to me it was a pleasant addition to my command. It wasn't long before I understood my predecessor's warning.

THE PLANT attracted brass — some of it merely hungry for ice cream, like the assistant division commander, an amiable old man who at least made no pretense of "inspecting" when he dropped in; and some of it sightseers impressed with this latest manifestation of the Army's determination to bring the American Way of Life intact into every bunker, and only incidentally looking for a treat. Few officers went by without stopping to show whoever might be with them their branch's newest toy.

We had delivery problems. Even when picked up promptly by a unit, our ice cream, at least during the summer, was usually soup when it got to the consumer. And often a unit found it impossible to shake a vehicle loose for a two- or three-hour run to get their dessert. Someone once proposed moving the plant up closer to our biggest customers, the regiments and artillery battalions; but someone else pointed out how scandalous it would be to emplace a Quartermaster installation forward of division headquarters, and refused permission.

Our production schedule was constantly changing. Especially during times of heavy action, artillery battalions would suddenly pop up like

gypsies and claim our services, including ice cream. It was always necessary to cater well to this type of client, for reasons of prestige. An artillery unit might support several different divisions during a given period of time, and we couldn't have them slandering us to the QM's of the other divisions. Now, one might expect the regiments to dispense with such non-essentials when locked in combat, but they seldom did. The ice cream was invariably accepted, though in times of stress I'm sure most of it was eaten by personnel out of small-arms range. We never got back a container with a bullet hole in it.

Some of our customers were just not interested. But with supply officers to our rear at times seemingly more concerned with plying each soldier with our frozen delicacy than in getting him shoes, we had to be sure that no unit missed the *chance* to have ice cream. On the day an outfit was scheduled to draw it, we alerted the man who came to pick up its groceries in the morning. If, by a reasonable hour that afternoon, the unit's vehicle had not appeared at the ice cream plant, we would try telephoning. This was always fun. One feature of the American W. of L. which the Signal Corps had *not* brought to the front lines was efficient phone service. Sometimes it was necessary to go through five switchboards to reach our customer, and when we got him he was but a faint, indecipherable

buzzing in the receiver. There were moments of dramatic tension at the plant, as, generator and refrigerator silenced, Koreans hushed, staff gathered around, the corporal or I belted, "Ice cream! Ice cream! Come — and — get — your — ice — cream!"

This problem was compounded in our dealings with UN troops from other countries attached to our division. We had, at one time or another, the Belgians, the Greeks, and the Thailanders. The first two seemed to enjoy the ice cream as much as the rest of the ration, while the Thailanders occasionally suggested that we keep our fripperies and a good part of the American ration as well and just triple their issue of rice and hot sauce. However, the real problem with these people was communication. All the non-English-speaking units were equipped with linguists for liaison with the Americans, but usually these persons' gifts were used in the more martial activities and not in handling phone calls about ice cream. So, whenever we phoned them, if we met with incomprehension on the part of the operator, we would just holler "GI!" until he went and found one. With the Thailanders, we would often go through a sweating half hour on the phone, only to be told by the American whom they had lassoed, "They say they don't want none."

WHEN the novelty of just having ice cream had worn off, certain people got to thinking that we

weren't transplanting Main Street to Korea in all its rich variety. Every drugstore back home had at *least* three flavors. Couldn't expect the men up front to put up with vanilla, vanilla, always vanilla. One of the other divisions was to blame for this development. They hijacked the cocoa out of the regular ration and made a batch of chocolate ice cream. Somebody from our division sampled this while on a visit, and after that it was a case of keeping up with the Joneses.

The chocolate was better than the vanilla — the stronger flavor covered the can taste — but not as good as the cocoa we deprived the troops of when we made it. Our best creation for issue to the units was a flavor made from canned pineapple chunks. Our worst was the result of an experiment with plum jam; the Koreans ate most of that batch.

The corporal who ran the plant got pretty enthusiastic about these developments and began badgering my next-in-command at the ration dump, a tough old master sergeant, for items which might make a new flavor. The sergeant, who considered the making of ice cream an undignified thing and often suggested I try to trade the plant for a good still, eventually adopted a more sympathetic attitude. "Take it up to the ice cream plant and see if they can use it," he would direct whenever he found a surplus of bay leaves or dehydrated onions.

There was one other batch which

we did not distribute to the units and which marked our highest achievement in the field. Our own company was on the issue list for Thanksgiving Day, and we decided to make eggnog. The addition of several bottles of a fine bourbon to the regular ingredients for vanilla resulted in a flavorsome, full-bodied, zestful concoction. For the first time we got back cans which looked as if they had been licked.

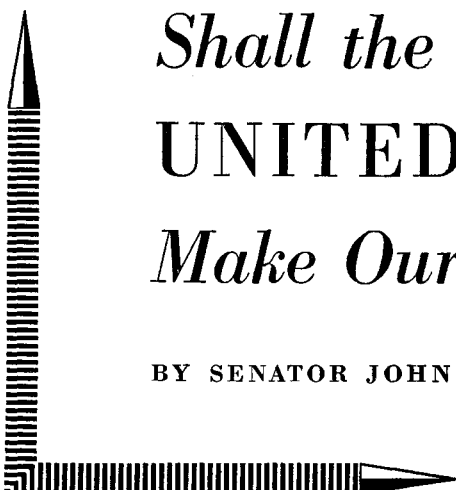
RIGHT after Thanksgiving it was announced that we were to change places with the 45th Division, then stationed on Japan's northernmost island, Hokkaido.

There was to be an even swap of equipment and supplies, an arrangement unpopular with certain units of the division, ours included, which had accumulated various extra items during the earlier, more fluid phase of the war. There was no such reluctance connected with the ice cream facilities. We showed the 45th men how to operate the machinery, and left them with a benediction.

And so my personal interest in the story about the 45th's *tour de force* in delivering ice cream by helicopter. In the interim between World War II and Korea the military came up with a good many improvements in service and equipment. My own thought after reading that news item was that our successors had neatly managed to press the most fruitful of these developments into the service of the least necessary.



"I was a man of untold wealth until my ex-wife opened her big mouth to the Internal Revenue."



Shall the **UNITED NATIONS** *Make Our Laws?*

BY SENATOR JOHN W. BRICKER

DETERMINED efforts are under way to persuade the American people to let the United Nations make domestic law. These efforts, in many matters, would substitute the United Nations for state and national legislatures elected by the American people. Such authority to legislate for the American people would be conferred, as has already happened, by treaty or by executive agreement. The catch is this: When the UN, through treaties, makes laws for the United States, our cherished constitutional safeguards may be absent.

Most Americans object to having their laws made by a non-elected outside agency. Accordingly, on January 7, 1953, sixty-three other Senators joined with me in introducing a proposed constitutional

amendment. This proposal, Senate Joint Resolution 1, would limit the power to make treaties and executive agreements. It would prevent treaties and executive agreements from undermining the Constitution of the United States and would largely prevent the use of treaties and executive agreements as substitutes for domestic legislation.

The UN is anti-Communist, but much less firm in opposing Communism than we. The UN is valuable as a forum—and it is the only forum in which cold war tensions can be considered on a regular and universal basis. The UN has the important function of striving to maintain international peace and security, and most Americans understand the need for co-operating with the UN toward this end.

Unfortunately, some Americans believe that the political philosophy of the UN differs only slightly from that of the United States. They are accordingly slow to question the wisdom of having the UN legislate in American domestic matters when such legislation is urged as necessary either for national defense or in the interests of peace. There are others who believe that the United States should some day become a province in a world government growing out of the UN. Naturally enough, they oppose any limitation on the treaty power that could block that result.

A close examination of the United Nations will show why the sovereignty of the United States must be preserved. Most of the UN's members regard human rights as a gift of the state which may be withdrawn at any time. Our concept of liberty is stated in the Declaration of Independence and embedded in the Constitution of the United States. It is fundamentally a religious concept of freedom: "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights," which government cannot reduce or abolish. Outside the United States, the most sacred rights are usually under the control of an omnipotent executive or parliament. In the United States, authority is divided between three branches of government and further divided as between Federal and State governments. Not even the executive and legislative branches can pool their powers to defeat the

constitutional rights of minority groups.

An objective comparison of the UN majority with the United States will also disclose tremendous differences in economic systems, standards of living, political traditions, religious and social customs. Notwithstanding these wide differences, the United States must work in close association with the UN on disarmament and other programs designed to remove the overhanging threat of war. These differences, however, make the UN an inappropriate and dangerous legislative agent for the American people. S. J. Res. 1 would keep the power of domestic legislation firmly in the hands of the elected representatives of the American people. There, its exercise is unquestionably subject to constitutional safeguards.

UN Treaty Law Superior to the American Constitution

Section 1 of S. J. Res. 1 provides:

A provision of a treaty which conflicts with this Constitution shall not be of any force or effect.

Opponents of S. J. Res. 1 assert that Section 1 is unnecessary. Curiously enough, many of them advocate the adoption of United Nations treaties which are in clear conflict with the Constitution of the United States. They endorse, for example, the UN draft Statute for an International Criminal Court. The court created by this proposed treaty

would have power to try Americans abroad for certain crimes committed in the United States. The Sixth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides that the accused shall be tried in the State and district wherein the crime was committed.

In the entire history of the United States, no provision of any treaty has ever been held unconstitutional. Most American lawyers believe that a treaty may be superior to the Constitution in case of conflict. For example, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, before his appointment to that office, said in a speech in Louisville, Kentucky:

The treaty-making power is an extraordinary power, liable to abuse. Treaties . . . are, indeed, more supreme than ordinary laws for Congressional laws are invalid if they do not conform to the Constitution, whereas treaty law can override the Constitution.

Four members of the Senate Judiciary Committee made the following statement in the "Minority Views" on S. J. Res. 1:

If we insist that the validity of all the treaties to be made by the United States must await some final determination as to their constitutionality, most nations will be most reluctant to make even essential treaties with the United States, and the treaty-making power will be dealt a death blow.

It is doubtful that the United

Nations would be reluctant to negotiate treaties with the United States, the validity of which is tested by our Constitution. In any event, the UN has no right to complain if the American people insist that treaties be kept subordinate to the Constitution.

The Founding Fathers recognized that the Constitution might have to be amended from time to time. They provided in Article V several methods for amending it. To amend the Constitution, the approval of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress and three-fourths of the States is required. Obviously, the framers of the Constitution never intended that it could be amended by the President, two-thirds of the Senate, and a foreign power. S. J. Res. 1 would prevent the Constitution from being amended indirectly by treaty.

Substituting the UN for State Legislatures

The Tenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States provides:

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Unless a particular subject comes within the powers delegated to the Federal Government by the Constitution, it must be dealt with, if at all, by State and local governments.

For many years, it was felt that the Tenth Amendment limited the treaty-making power. Thomas Jefferson, for example, expressed that view in his *Manual for Parliamentary Practice* when he said:

By the general power to make treaties, the Constitution must have intended to comprehend only those objects which are usually regulated by treaties, and cannot be otherwise regulated.

It must have meant to except out all those rights reserved to the States; for surely the President and the Senate cannot do by treaty what the whole Government is interdicted from doing in any way.

JEFFERSON's understanding of the treaty power was repudiated in 1920 by the Supreme Court in *Missouri v. Holland*, 252 U.S. 416. Federal legislation to regulate the shooting of migratory birds had been held unconstitutional by two district courts. To circumvent those decisions, a treaty was made. Thereafter, acting under the authority of the treaty, Congress passed legislation similar to that previously held invalid. The Supreme Court in *Missouri v. Holland* assumed that the legislation was invalid in the absence of treaty. But the Court held that the treaty empowered Congress to legislate in a field otherwise barred to it by the Tenth Amendment.

The danger inherent in the doctrine of *Missouri v. Holland* was not immediately apparent. From 1920

until the formation of the United Nations, treaties were limited to subjects of genuine international concern. They continued to be, as Alexander Hamilton expressed it in *The Federalist*, "agreements between sovereign and sovereign" and "not rules prescribed by the sovereign to the subject." Today, however, the treaty power is being put to a revolutionary use. Mr. John P. Humphrey, who was at that time Director of the UN Division of Human Rights, wrote in the January 1948 issue of *The Annals of the American Academy of Political Science*:

What the United Nations is trying to do is revolutionary in character. Human rights are largely a matter of relationships between the state and individuals, and therefore a matter which has been traditionally regarded as being within the domestic jurisdiction of states. What is now being proposed is, in effect, the creation of some kind of supernational supervision of this relationship between the state and its citizens.

Since there is virtually no phase of human activity not proposed to be regulated by treaty, Congress, with the help of the UN and a sympathetic President and Senate, can become legislatively omnipotent.

The experience of Canada proves that international co-operation does not require the destruction of a Federal-State system of government. The Canadian Parliament, acting under the authority of a

treaty, cannot repeal legislation enacted under the constitutional authority of the Provinces. Similarly, the United States should not, merely by making promises to the UN, be able to confer on Congress legislative authority denied to it by the Tenth Amendment. Accordingly, Section 2 of S. J. Res. 1 provides:

A treaty shall become effective as internal law in the United States only through legislation which would be valid in the absence of treaty.

Substituting the UN for the House of Representatives

IN PRACTICALLY every other nation of the world a treaty does not become domestic law until made so by action of the national legislature. A different rule prevails in the United States by reason of our unique treaty supremacy clause. Article VI of the Constitution provides that all treaties made under the authority of the United States "shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges in every State shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any State to the contrary notwithstanding."

In dealing with other nations the United States is at an unfair disadvantage. A treaty with the UN, for example, may immediately alter the rights and duties of American citizens without any legislative action whatever. However, the citizens of other UN member states would not be affected by the treaty unless

and until their parliaments made the treaty domestic law.

Treaty provisions are necessarily vague and ambiguous, particularly where many nations are involved. In other countries, however, the national legislature can implement the treaty in the light of the desires of its citizens and peculiar local conditions. In the United States, on the other hand, it may be many years before the courts define the domestic effect of a treaty. By making all treaties require implementing legislation to be effective as "internal law," S. J. Res. 1 would prevent treaties from having far-reaching and unintended consequences.

The first words of the first Article of our Constitution provide:

All legislative powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Without doing violence to that language, how can it be contended that a part of the legislative power is vested in the President, the Senate, and some foreign power or international organization? The debates at the time the Constitution was drafted and ratified show that the House of Representatives was excluded from any role in treaty procedure in anticipation of the need for secrecy. The Senate, being the smaller body, was chosen as the President's partner. It was felt that the House would be unable because

of its size to maintain the secrecy of treaties. Much can be said for the making of secret treaties in preference to secret executive agreements. Where the treaty relates exclusively to the nation's external affairs, action by the House of Representatives should not be required. Section 2 of S. J. Res. 1 is concerned only with treaties that make "internal law." Surely domestic legislation should not be adopted by Star Chamber procedure. Yet it is the presumed need for secrecy that accounts for the exclusion of the House of Representatives in the making of internal treaty law.

Substituting the UN for Both Houses of Congress

IN RECENT years, Presidents have claimed the power to decide whether a particular international agreement requires the approval of one, both, or neither house of Congress. Some lawyers have argued that treaties and executive agreements are wholly interchangeable. They contend that the treaty clauses of the Constitution have become a sort of "constitutional vermiform appendix." It is greatly to the credit of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles that they have rejected this radical doctrine. Carried to its logical conclusion, this doctrine would enable the President to become a dictator in both foreign and domestic affairs.

Section 3 of S. J. Res. 1 confirms the power of Congress to regulate

the making of all executive and other agreements. If made a part of the Constitution, the President could not, merely by making a promise with some foreign power or international organization, by-pass the constitutional prerogatives of Congress and State legislatures. Some opposition to S. J. Res. 1 is based on the erroneous belief that an agreement not ratified by either house of Congress cannot become the "supreme law of the land." However, the Supreme Court held in *United States v. Pink*, 315 U.S. 203, 230 (1942):

A treaty is a "law of the land" under the supremacy clause . . . of the Constitution. Such international compacts and agreements as the Litvinov Assignment have a similar dignity.

The *Pink* case involved the legal effect of an agreement made by President Franklin Roosevelt and Maxim Litvinov. The State of New York, in distributing the assets of the New York branch of a Russian insurance company, refused to recognize the validity of Communist confiscation decrees. The Roosevelt-Litvinov Assignment, not approved by either house of Congress, was held to override the law of the State of New York. It is true that the two-thirds rule is some protection against the making of dangerous treaties. But only the advocates of executive omnipotence can subscribe to the view that the President and some

foreign power, acting alone, should have power to make supreme law for the United States.

UN Uber Alles?

AMERICANS who advocate making the United States a province in a supranational state are reactionaries in the true sense of the word. The world experienced many centuries of darkness and agony in freeing itself from the world government known as the Roman Empire. In any massive consolidation of governmental power, tyranny is the usual by-product. It is inevitable where the supranational government attempts to impose a uniform code of law and life on peoples having diverse political, economic, religious, and social traditions. Fortunately, the Roman emperors could not fortify their huge prison with tanks and atomic bombs.

The only hope for the non-Com-

munist world lies in a strong, free, and independent America. America's strength in turn depends upon the release of individual energies made possible by a government of divided and limited powers based on the concept that human rights are divinely bestowed, and hence inalienable. That concept of liberty cannot motivate a world government in the foreseeable future. A majority of its members would not accept it.

S. J. Res. 1 would protect the doctrine of inherent rights against erosion by treaties and other international agreements. The preservation of our inalienable rights would not depend merely on the beneficence of the President and the Senate. The American people would be the exclusive repository of their inherent rights, and even they would be incapable of surrendering their rights except by further amending the Constitution.



» It is our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Farewell Address (September 17, 1796)

» If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the constitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation.

Ibid.

THE WINDY WEST

By Stan Hoig



IN THE HUMOR of every phase of our American frontier there has been tall-tale telling about the wonders of nature. Lusty frontiersmen were forever ready to brag that their part of the world had the biggest trees, the highest mountains, the hottest summers, the coldest winters, or the strongest winds of any. Such famous "liars" as Mike Fink of the Mississippi river-boat breed, Davy Crockett of the early Southwest, and Jim Bridger of the mountain men glorified their respective locales with imaginative yarns that tested the credulity of listeners.

The old-time American cowboy was not beyond a similar vanity for the Land of the Cow Critters, nor above telling a few lies to defend it. To him there was no place that could measure shoulder-high to the range country, and he was not the least bit bashful about saying so. If an outsider should comment on some scenic wonder in a place foreign to the cow country, the cowboy could be counted on to top it with a wonder of his own, actual or otherwise.

One Westerner who had listened to an Easterner expound upon the

majesty of Niagara Falls promptly denounced them as a mere "waterin' pot" and claimed that he could put up one that would "squirt it to a finish." Mostly, though, the cowboy stuck to subjects common to the range. One such was the amazing suddenness with which the weather could change on the open prairie. This is illustrated in the claim made by one cowhand that he always carried with him three necessary items of apparel: a linen duster, a rain slicker, and a buffalo overcoat. He never knew which he would be needing next.

A newcomer to the West, unaware of how the climate could change so abruptly, once made four harness tugs for his wagon out of green buffalo hide. The first time he used them he was caught in a sudden rain storm that filled his wagon so full of water that he was forced to get out and walk beside his team. But when he got to where he was going, he turned around to find that his wagon was nowhere in sight. The green rawhide had stretched in the rain, and the wagon was a full mile behind on the tugs. The greenhorn

started back to find his wagon, but just then the sun came out and dried the rawhide, which contracted so quickly that the wagon ran right over its owner and killed him.

"Last summer I 'uz ridin' along," said a cowboy, "thinkin' as how the weather must be hotter'n Satan in long-handles, when I hears a low moanin' behind me and turns about to see a blizzard sweepin' in. Right away I knows I got no time for admirin' the scenery, so I jabs steel an' heads for home. That ol' hoss musta known about blizzards too, 'cause 'fore I had time to chaw my terbaccer twice we 'uz there. But when I went to unsaddle the animal, danged if I didn't find that while its forequarters were plumb foamy with sweat, its hindquarters were frozen solid where the teeth of the blizzard had caught it!"

ANOTHER cowboy on a very hot day decided to go for a swim. When he shucked his clothes and dove from the edge of a cliff overlooking a small stream, a sudden drought dried up the stream. But he was in luck, for a flash-flood roared down the dry creek bed. The cowboy landed safely in the water, but by the time he came up for air a Norther had swept in and frozen the surface into solid ice. He surely would have drowned had not the sun made a quick appearance and evaporated the stream bed again. As it was, all the cowboy got out of it was a bad sunburn.

Just about any cowboy who had endured a winter in a line-shack was likely to have his version of how cold it could get on the plains. One told of the experience he had when the temperature dropped so low that the flame of his candle froze stiff, and he had to wait until the sun thawed the flame before he could put the candle out. Then when the sun did appear it became so hot that the corn he had for the stock began to pop. His horse thought the popcorn was snow and almost froze to death.

A couple of punchers were sent out to plant fence poles one winter day and found the ground littered with frozen rattlesnakes. Deciding to save the ranch some money, they drove the snakes into the ground for fence poles. They rode back to the ranch feeling proud of themselves but the next day they were fired. The snakes had thawed out and crawled off with several miles of good barbed wire.

"Cold!" exclaimed a cowboy. "Why it got so dern cold at our ranch one winter that the thermometer dropped to seventy-five degrees below zero. When our foreman went to give orders fer th' day, the words froze as they came outa his mouth. We had to break them off one by one and soak 'em in hot water before we could tell what he wanted us to do!"

Charlie Russell, the famous cowboy painter, liked to tell of the time when a friend left a poker game in

Great Falls, Montana, one winter night and froze to death on a street corner. A listener would view that weather-toughened face of Charlie's and comment how unfortunate that was.

"Oh, that wasn't so bad," Charlie would answer. "We hung a lantern on his ear and used 'im for a lamp post all winter."

Another Montana range yarn is of the traveling salesman who was caught in an autumn blizzard and forced to spend the night at a hotel which offered only the scantiest of bed covers. Even after piling everything he could find on his bed, the salesman still shivered in agony. Finally he heard sounds of life below and stumbled downstairs. There in the lobby was a stage driver who had been facing the storm for hours, but who was now stripped to his long-handles in an attempt to thaw out by the stove. The driver's breath had frozen to his mustache whiskers and icicles hung down from his chin. The salesman looked at him in amazement and exclaimed, "My God! What room did *you* have?"

IT WAS generally the wind that caused the most comment from any new arrival on the Southwestern plains. But the Easterner who asked, "Does the wind blow this way all the time?" was likely to gain the answer, "Hell, no. It blows the other way about half the time."

The great vastness of space in the West and the enormous distances

between points on the plains were often subjects of cowboy tall yarns. Cowboys liked to tell about the Englishman who arrived in the West fresh from his crowded island home. On a bright morning the pilgrim looked across the plains to where the mountains, standing clear in the sunlight, appeared to be only a couple of miles away. Actually, it was nearly thirty miles to them, but despite the warning from a couple of cowboys, the Englishman took off to hike the distance. That afternoon the punchers decided to ride out and see how he was progressing. When they caught up with him, about ten miles out, he was sitting beside a very small stream taking off his clothes. When they asked what he was doing, the Englishman announced that he was going to swim across the river. The cowboys told him that he was crazy to think about swimming a creek that was only a couple of feet wide and had only an inch or two of water in it.

"Hah!" said the Englishman. "I know I was fooled by those blarsted mountains, but I'll swim this river if it takes me all day."

Some of the new arrivals out West, though, found just a bit more elbow room than they really preferred. On the door of a deserted nester's shack this sign was found:

30 miles to water
20 miles to wood
10 inches to Hell
Gone back East
to wife's family

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE



The Miracle of Birds

"A BIRD is to me as wonderful as the stars," said the famous ornithologist Elliott Coues. In the making of a bird, every step was as with a single thought in mind: the thought of flight. Here was to be a creature of incarnate air, a "grace for the sky." Here were to be lightness, buoyance, arrowing strength, a sight to lift a man's spirit as if on wings itself. A bird does not have keen scent. It does not need that. But it has a third eyelid that can be drawn back and forth across its eyes as a "windshield wiper" as it rushes through the high sky.

A marsh hawk may seem clumsy on the ground. But when the male stages a show for his chosen female, he flies loop-the-loops, up and over, up and over, as if tireless and almost as if freed from the bonds of physical law. A bird has not much mind. But it has an instinct that tells a mother bird to turn her eggs, an impulse that warns an hour-old grouse chick

to crouch when a hawk passes, a seasonal inner urge that sends the migrant flocks winging north or south. That a bird is "bird-brained" is connected with its unique adaptation to its special kind of life. Such a life needs prodigious eyesight. A bird's eyes are so big that there is barely room in its skull for them. Many hawks and owls have eyeballs bigger than yours and mine. These immense eyes force a bird's brain to be a relatively insignificant organ squeezed to the rear of its skull. In many birds, the eyes weigh more than the brain. In some, *each* eye does.

The body of a bird is uniquely formed for lightness, supple strength, the life of the sky. To stoke its racing engine with fuel, a bird must eat at least half its own weight every day. As a bird draws in the breath of life, its body sometimes shakes and quivers almost as though it were inhaling draughts of air more deeply than just

into its lungs. It is. A bird's lungs connect with as many as nine additional air-sacs. These air-sacs may themselves have elongations that extend into some of the bird's bones. A mammal bone is heavy, dense. A bird bone is hollow, filled with spongy network engineered for air capacity. As a bird breathes, it is inflooded with air to its marrow.

Even the skull of a bird is designed to help this airy insubstantiality. Skull-bones become lightweight plates and struts. To lighten the living flying-machine at its "nose," Nature took away birds' teeth — teeth need heavy jaws and muscles. For lightness aft, a bird's tail feathers are all borne on one short bone.

A feather may seem to be only a central shaft with projections on either side. It is much more. Each projection (called a vane) from the feather stem is composed of numbers of parallel rods, the barbs. A barb is itself virtually a complete miniature feather, with extremely fine side-projections called barbules. Look still closer with a lens and it is revealed that on these barbules are tinier barbicels, and on these are almost infinitesimal hooklets. The hooklets mesh the barbs; the whole vane is one light, perfect interweave. Barbules and barbicels on a single feather may number over a million.

To make its streamlined body a perfect flight machine, a bird's framework is the most rigid in the animal world. Vertebrae of its back-

bone are fused and united, to make an immensely strong axis. Backbone, ribs and breastbone form a "cage" of incomparable strength. The bird's ribs are lashed together by tough ligaments, fastened both to its backbone and breastbone. Its two powerful shoulder-blades are braced together across the front by collar-bones that fuse in its wishbone. Our human breastbone is flat. Down the middle of a bird's breastbone runs a tremendous ridge. This is for attachment of the great pectoral muscles that work its wings. In many birds the giant pectoral muscle constitutes more than one-fourth the weight of the bird's whole body.

How does a bird fly? Modern high-speed cameras have revealed that a bird is a natural miniature airplane, even to propellers and wing-slots.

As a bird beats its wings in downstroke, it may seem to be pushing itself forward as if rowing through the air. High-speed cameras show it isn't. On downstroke the wings move forward, the inner half held almost rigid, its fore-edge slightly sloped like a plane wing, its upper surface arched by a curve of feathers. The outer half of the wing moves separately, activated by the bird's "wrist," located about halfway along the wing's length. During wing-beat, the primary feathers at the bird's wing tips flare out almost at



right angles to the wing, twist to the air pressure, and become propellers. The inner half of the wing, curved and tilted, is meanwhile the plane-wing providing steady lift. The curling and twisting of the bird's wing-tip feathers to afford propellers that adjust to wind-stress with split-second timing results from subtle engineering of their vanes. The front vane is made narrower than the rear. As the wing beats against the air, the greater air pressure against the broad rear vane lifts and twists the feather to exactly the angle to serve propeller function. On landings and take-offs, the bird avoids stalls by means of special feathers at the front edge of its wrist. It raises these to make a "slot" between them and its main wing, providing a perfect auxiliary airfoil.

A bird's flight feats can be nearly incredible. A big Cooper's hawk is streaking in pursuit of a quail. Suddenly the quail, from a height of only five or six feet, drops like a rock to a clump of bushes. In the instant before its body can hit that shelter, the hawk shoots under it, turns upside down in full flight, catches the falling body, rights itself, and zooms on without a second's slackening. A sparrow hawk, flying at top speed, saves itself from crashing into a sudden obstruction by performing a perfect Immelman turn. An African eagle, swooping at a speed of better than 100 miles an hour, brakes with such stunning skill — spreading wings and tail in an aerial skid-

stop — that it comes to a dead halt in the space of twenty feet.

OTHER marvels? An owl scans the dark woods with eyes ten times as sensitive to faint light as ours. A hawk may have vision so piercing that as it perches on a lookout tree it can see prey more than a mile away. To extract grubs from trees, a woodpecker has a tongue so long it curves over inside the bird's head and is rooted in front of its eyes. Many coastal birds have a built-in sense of time, so precise that after inland trips they can return to shore at the hour when the tide is right.

As a male bird utters his song, to claim territory and invite a mate to it, he uses an extraordinary vocal organ called a syrinx. It lies just where the bird's windpipe divides, sending a branch to each lung. In this song-box is a bony band to which attach structures of stretched membrane under control of intricate muscles that can exquisitely tighten or relax the valve as the ecstatic bird forces air from its lungs.

The songs of springtime lead into courtships stylized by instinct into some of nature's strangest and most touching rituals. Even a common little nuthatch, mousy visitor to winter windowsills, is possessed of unexpected grace in wooing. He selects choice sunflower seeds and flies to his female with them. If she persists unwon, he resorts to a further charm: he shucks each seed before presentation!

Instinct sings the song, wins the mate — and builds the nest. Birds' nests are often so elaborate that it is almost impossible to believe such skill can be innate. But it is. Over countless generations of disuse, as in canaries, Nature may let her gift weaken and drowse; but even then a little practice by a bird can revive it.

AN EGG looks simple. It is incredibly complex, from the air-cell at its end to the twisted cords that suspend the yolk in perfect tension at the egg's center, no matter how it is jostled, and the funnel-shaped engineering of tiny eggshell pores that let the embryo breathe.

After baby birds, using a temporary "egg tooth" Nature provides, have tapped their way free of their shells, they become prodigies of almost unimaginable appetite. One infant robin eats as much as 14 feet of earthworms a day. A wren whose feeding-trips to her youngsters were counted between sunrise and nightfall visited the nest 1,217 times. A young black tern, weighing 31 grams, consumed daily 48 grams of food.

By late summer bird families have been raised and the parents, withdrawing to deep woods, stilling their song, have molted. Molt involves a physiological miracle we may scarcely suspect. Worn feathers are replaced in a change so delicately gradual that the first lost feather must be par-

tially re-grown before a second feather drops. The whole re-feathering follows this pattern, so the bird's flight is never impaired.

In autumn, suddenly, the birds have gone from us, all but the few year-round residents. Gripped by drives probably established in Ice Age times, they have migrated south. They fly at vast heights, 2,000 to 5,000 feet or more above earth. They fly distances nearly beyond belief. A tiny blackpoll warbler, nesting in Canada, wings to Brazil 4,000 miles away. A golden plover travels from the edge of the Arctic Ocean to Argentina, almost 8,000 miles. Champion migrant is the Arctic tern, summering at the north-polar land limit, wintering in Antarctica. Its annual round-trip is 22,000 miles.

How do they find their way? The answer is locked in mystery. Probably it lies not in a single factor, but in many. Naturalists have recently proved, for instance, that birds can expertly calculate geography, and probably time, from sun-slant. But there remains a mysterious "plus" in birds' pathfinding through the trackless skies, often at night.

Whatever the ultimate answer to this, and whether we find it, the whole miracle of bird-life must remind us of what the great naturalist Waterton put into four words of simple eloquence: "We can but bow."

America at Tussaud's

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ BY TREVOR HOLLOWAY

"IF EVER I feel a trifle lonesome or homesick," a New York journalist in London confessed to me recently, "I just go along to Tussaud's to see Danny Kaye, Greer Garson, and all the rest of the celebrities from the States. What's more, if there's one place in London I'm likely to meet folks from way back home it's at Tussaud's. Real flesh-and-blood people, I mean — not just models in wax. I've seen as many as fifty American visitors going around the exhibits at one time."

Considering the fact that well over a million people visit this famous waxworks every year — a large proportion from overseas — it is not surprising that the exhibition is one of the most "home away from home" spots for the American in London.

I asked Reginald Edds, Tussaud's exceptionally live-wire public relations officer, to tell me something of America at Tussaud's. "The first model to be added of American interest was of course Benjamin Franklin," he began. "This was modeled by Madame Tussaud herself from life in 1783, when the great states-

man was in Paris trying to raise a loan from France for the United States.

"Shortly afterwards she modeled Lafayette, who was an enthusiastic supporter of the American Colonists in their struggle for independence. Her next American figure was that of George Washington, which she modeled in Scotland from a life-bust taken in 1786. Thereafter she kept pace with the major events of American history, adding the outstanding figures as occasion demanded. At the present time we are featuring fourteen of America's greatest Presidents and many other personalities past and present including William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania; sports stars Donald Budge and Louise Brough, representing tennis; Joe Louis, boxing; Danny Kaye, stage and screen; Greer Garson and Charles Chaplin, films. There's even an American lurking in the Chamber of Horrors — Kemmler, the first man to be electrocuted in the electric chair, for the murder of a woman he had induced to elope with him in 1890."

☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆ ☆

At the time of writing, two new American models are being prepared — General Ridgway and film star Alan Ladd. General Ridgway was interviewed by Mr. Bernard Tussaud (great-great-grandson of Marie Tussaud) and Reginald Edds at his headquarters in Paris. Some twenty-five measurements and more than forty photographs were taken of the General for use in building the model, and he provided one of his own uniforms with which to clothe his effigy.

Alan Ladd has been selected to appear because he is No. 1 box office attraction both in the United States and in Britain. His model will be dressed in the buckskin cowboy clothes actually used in the mighty epic, "Shane."

EVERY effort is made to clothe each exhibit in the particular celebrity's own garments, failing which, the celebrity's own tailor or costumer is called upon to dress the model. Mr. Edds recalled the difficulties encountered in dressing the model of President Truman.

"When we made his model immediately after President Roosevelt's death in 1945, we were in the throes of clothes rationing and were allowed no coupons. I suggested to the U. S. Embassy that they either bring pressure to bear on the Board of Trade or obtain a suit from the United States for this particular purpose. They evidently did not fancy their chances with the Board of

Trade, but fortunately Mr. Attlee agreed to bring back one of the President's own suits in his personal baggage after attending a Washington conference. This I collected from No. 10 Downing Street. The suit was a gray worsted and included was a sober, club-striped tie of white and yellow on a navy blue ground. I have been in a lot of trouble over this model as Americans protest, either because it is not clad in formal attire or because it is not garish enough to be characteristic of Mr. Truman. I can only shelter behind the fact that Mr. Truman provided it himself!"

General Eisenhower was modeled in 1942 and the model was, of course, clad in uniform. At the General's request it represented him saluting "as a greeting to his boys when they visited the exhibition." The model remained as General Eisenhower until the eve of the inauguration ceremony, when it was redressed in a characteristic dark gray double-breasted suit made by the President's London tailors.

Mr. Edds had many stories to tell of the war years. "I shall never forget," he said, "an encounter with an American serviceman. For some peculiar reason he was convinced that Mary Queen of Scots and not Elizabeth should have been Queen of England and gave the impression of holding me, as manager of Tussaud's, directly responsible!"

Then there was the day when Mr. Edds saw to his horror the head of

General Tom Thumb tucked cosily under the arm of a G.I. who had been celebrating well but unwisely! Fortunately the Tussaud guards didn't lose *their* heads over this little indiscretion and Tom Thumb got his own back, all in one piece!

But if G.I.'s did find the Chamber of Horrors a convenient place for light-hearted love-making or walk off with a few unofficial souvenirs, Mr. Edds was equally well aware of the American serviceman's real nature, and he tells this grand story.

The week prior to the Coronation a photographer from one of America's leading agencies arrived to make a photo-feature of Tussaud's. He was accompanied by a very shy English girl of about fifteen years of age. He apologized for bringing her and then told Mr. Edds her story. She was an orphan. Her mother and father had been killed by a flying bomb. As so often happened in those dark days, an American unit was the first on the scene to carry out rescue operations. In this case it was a naval unit, to which this particular photographer belonged. They found the child had no relatives and was completely alone in the world. The unit adopted her. They have paid for her education and looked after her extremely well. It is now an unwritten law that when any member of the unit comes to Britain he looks after the girl and sees that she has a really good time.

THE STORY behind the making of the remarkably life-like model of Danny Kaye needs a whole article of its own to do it full justice. The model is probably the most popular in the whole history of Tussaud's. Certain it is that Danny proved one of the most interesting and exciting celebrities the exhibition staff had ever invited to be modeled. Danny arrived in Britain in the early spring of 1948 to appear at the Palladium. He arrived literally unheralded and unsung. In a very short while he was hailed as the greatest thing ever in the entertainment world. When London takes anyone by storm, Tussaud's are very soon on the celebrity's tail.

Accordingly, Mr. Bernard Tussaud and two assistants made an appointment with Danny in his dressing room at the Palladium during a matinee. The very next morning Danny bounced into Tussaud's for the initial sitting. It was only with the greatest difficulty that Bernard Tussaud managed to obtain the facial measurements and so forth required — for Danny had everyone in fits of laughter the whole while with his brilliant and spontaneous clowning. The poor photographer whose duty it was to take some thirty or forty photographs of him from all angles had a nightmare.

He specially asked that his hands be modeled from life, so they were.

His model still draws the crowds and in the first six weeks it stepped up attendance figures by 30,000.

NOW TO ANSWER that intriguing question: "Who makes the models and how?" At the rear of the Royal Family Group, obscured by heavy curtains, is a very ordinary-looking door. Pass through and you will find yourself in a world of fantasy, of unreality and incongruity — bodies without heads, heads without bodies, naked torsos, here a leg, there an arm, and so forth. The sight of white-coated workers bending over steaming cauldrons from which an arm or a leg may protrude does little to steady our nerves. This is the holy of holies, the birthplace of famous and infamous alike — the Tussaud studios where history comes out of the melting pot.

When some new star in the firmament of celebrities agrees to be modeled, an interview is arranged either at the studio or at some place convenient to the sitter. A photographer takes a comprehensive series of pictures from all angles and while this is in progress, assistant Vera Bland, who is responsible for coiffeur and final coloring, produces an amazing range of hair samples and eventually finds the perfect match. She also takes note of facial coloring and complexion generally, as well as noting eye color and character.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bernard Tussaud has been carefully measuring the depth of chin, width of mouth, breadth of forehead, and so on. Above all, he has been committing to memory the sitter's general appearance and personality — that

mysterious "something" so vital to the success of the finished model.

Back in his own studio, with all the photographs and notes ranged around him, he sets to work whilst the interview is still fresh in his mind's eye. Taking rolls of damp gray modeling clay from a bin at his elbow he starts to build up the head, first roughing in the profile. Some heads may be finished in a couple of weeks, but two months may elapse before Mr. Tussaud is satisfied with the likeness.

The clay head is passed to George Hopkins, the chief molder, with over three hundred famous heads to his credit. The mold is built up of a great many interlocking sections of plaster of Paris, the inner surfaces of which faithfully record an impression of every detail of the clay head. Then the mold is carefully dismantled, the clay head extracted, and the mold reassembled.

Taking a long-handled pot of molten wax, George fills the mold to the brim. It cools very quickly, forming a crust of wax around the inside of the mold. When this crust is about two inches thick the remaining liquid wax is drained out and the mold placed aside to cool off. Once more the plaster mold is dismantled and out comes the celebrity's head in wax — hairless and eyeless, but otherwise true to life.

MISS VERA BLAND now takes over and proceeds to remove any tiny flaws which may be pres-

ent, after which Bernard Tussaud inserts the glass eyes. This is one of the most exacting jobs of all, for unless the eyes are set exactly in place the whole character of the features will be lost. It often takes a whole day before the elusive position is arrived at.

Back to Miss Bland goes the waxen head. Seated at a low bench under a number of adjustable lights and surrounded by neat piles of swatches of the correct type of hair, she pulls down one of the electric lamps, allows its heat to soften slightly a small area of the scalp and then, with the aid of a needle, proceeds to insert the strands of hair *one by one* to a density of 166 strands per square inch! Long experience has proved that this is the only way the appearance of a natural hair growth can be reproduced. This tedious and delicate task takes at least ten days to complete. Eyebrows, beards and moustaches are all dealt with in the same way.

Meanwhile, Stanley Wismark, an artist and specialist in anatomy, has been busy fashioning arms, legs and torso from plaster of Paris. Sometimes the measurements are supplied by the celebrity's tailor, or they may have been recorded at the interview.

Dressing some of the models is a very costly business. In the first place, every figure is clothed in thick, fleecy underwear so that the outer garments will "sit" well. The jewel-studded dress made for the

figure of the Empress Eugenie cost nearly \$3,000; and today the cost of reclothing one of the early Kings or Queens may reach up to \$2,000.

Wardrobe mistress is Miss Joan Tussaud, one of the leading authorities on period costumes in Britain. To her falls the onerous task of ensuring that the five hundred exhibits are at all times faultlessly attired. Her knowledge of all the frills and fads of fashion down the ages has entailed years of study.

Much of the success enjoyed by the famous models is due to the system of coloring evolved and perfected by Madame Tussaud herself in Paris a century and a half ago, coupled with the brilliant artistry of Vera Bland, to whom this delicate work is entrusted.

THE final stages have been reached. The head is secured to the body, final adjustments made to clothes, hair brushed, shoes polished, and visitors see a new face among the ranks of the great and wise.

Every day a few models are removed so that their hair may be waved, set or shampooed by Tussaud's own full-time hairdresser. Dress shirts and ruffles have to be starched, sports flannels laundered, the belts and medals of service chiefs polished to parade-ground standards, and so forth.

Perfection was the standard set by Madame Marie Tussaud. And perfection is the secret of Tussaud's world-wide fame today.

MOSCOW'S

Medicine Men

BY J. B. MATTHEWS

THE medical profession, like all of its brother professions, has been infiltrated by Communists.

The extent of this Communist infiltration is small in terms of percentages, as it is in the case of all professional groups in the United States. Whether one per cent or one-half of one per cent of American physicians have been drawn into the activities of the Communist conspiracy, the number is too large.

The latest figure on the number of practising M.D.'s in this country is 214,667. At no given time does it appear that more than one out of a hundred of these doctors has been involved, either deeply or mildly, either consciously or unwittingly, in the subversive apparatus of the Kremlin.

What the Communist Party has to gain by recruiting physicians is all too clear. The doctor's professional prestige in the American commu-

nity has, by long tradition, been comparable only with that of the lawyer, the teacher, and the minister of religion. The name of a doctor of medicine has real propaganda value for the Communists and all the units of their complicated and conspiratorial apparatus into which doctors may be drawn.

More than twenty years ago, the Communist Party found special uses for its members who belonged to the medical profession. The top personnel of the Communist Party's *Daily Worker* demanded, on pain of expulsion from the Party, that Communist doctors perform illegal operations. These operations were required so frequently that two Communist physicians quit the Party in disgust.

In those days, the *Daily Worker*, set up a "medical advisory board," composed of doctors who were members of the Communist Party. The

names of these Communist doctors were, of course, never divulged; but the "medical advisory board" conducted a regular column in the pages of the Communist newspaper.

In April 1935, the first issue of *Health and Hygiene* appeared. On the masthead, it was described as "the Magazine of the Daily Worker Medical Advisory Board." Later issues dropped this frank statement of the magazine's connection with the newspaper of the Communist Party, and substituted the nondescript "Magazine of the People's Health Education League." By the time *Health and Hygiene* folded in late 1938, it was calling itself "The Popular Health Magazine Written by Doctors." On the cover of a number of issues, there appeared the boast, "One hundred doctors write for this magazine!"

Throughout almost four years of its existence, *Health and Hygiene* was printed by the Communist Party's Prompt Press, and carried "printers' bug" No. 209, long a tell-tale mark of Communist printed matter.

FOR a time, *Health and Hygiene* was edited by "Edward Adams," an alias for Arthur Kallet, founder and technical director of Consumers Union.

Health and Hygiene listed, in its later issues, the names of eight M.D.s, as members of its "contributing and advisory board." They were Edward K. Barsky, Norman Bethune, W. Horsley Gantt, Henry E.

Sigerist, Louis I. Harris, Hannah M. Stone, Frank Thomas Woodbury, and Rachelle S. Yarros.

Dr. Edward K. Barsky will be remembered as the head of the Joint Anti-Fascist Refugee Committee who served a prison term for contempt of Congress. The JAFRC was the Communist-front organization which subsidized the notorious Gerhard Eisler, one of the top Communist bosses on three continents during his long career as an international agent of the Kremlin.

The Board of Regents of the University of the State of New York took disciplinary action against Dr. Barsky, suspending him for a period of six months, and against two other M.D.s who also had been convicted of contempt of Congress; namely, Dr. Jacob Auslander and Dr. Louis Miller.

The Physicians Forum, an organization of doctors which hews to the Communist Party line, has supported Dr. Barsky. In the pages of its Bulletin for March 1952, the PF initiated a campaign in defense of the three convicted doctors, in a letter signed by four prominent physicians; namely, Haven Emerson, Leo Mayer, Paul Klemperer, and I. Ogden Woodruff. More about the Physicians Forum will be said later.

Let us get back to the second name on the "contributing and advisory board" of *Health and Hygiene*: namely, Dr. Norman Bethune. Dr. Bethune died in China in 1940. Earl Browder, then general secretary of

the Communist Party of the United States, promptly went before the Eleventh Convention of the Communist Party, and declared: "We sent our Ambassador to China . . . Dr. Norman Bethune . . . He went to Spain also . . . He was not known as a Communist . . . But when Dr. Bethune, at my proposal, immediately and unhesitatingly agreed to go to China . . . he said: 'I accept on one condition, that if I don't come back, you will let the world know that Norman Bethune died a Communist Party member.' " (*Daily Worker*, June 11, 1940, page 7.) Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt made a financial contribution for the work of Dr. Bethune in China.

Of the eight physicians listed on the "contributing and advisory board" of *Health and Hygiene*, two were professors at Johns Hopkins University; namely, Dr. W. Horsley Gantt and Dr. Henry E. Sigerist.

THE Communist Party has gone to considerable pains to recruit medical students and internes before they become full-fledged doctors. It has successfully infiltrated the Association of Internes and Medical Students hereafter designated as AIMS.

AIMS was organized in 1941 through a merger of the Interne Council of America and the Association of Medical Students. It has a membership of more than two thousand students and internes in some fifty medical schools and hospitals.

AIMS will thus appear to include about six per cent of all the medical students and internes in the United States.

The highly regarded professional magazine *Medical Economics* fully exposed the Communist infiltration of AIMS early in 1950. Its exposé was the result of long and painstaking research.

Medical Economics exposed the close collaboration between AIMS and a large number of well-known units of the Communist-front apparatus, including the International Union of Students, the World Federation of Democratic Youth, the American Youth Congress, the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, the National Youth Assembly against Universal Military Training, and the China Aid Council.

In the course of its article, *Medical Economics* said: "Dr. Sheppard C. Thierman, 1949 AIMS vice president, co-chairmanned the U. S. delegation to last year's Budapest Youth Festival, under the aegis of the *World Federation of Democratic Youth*. According to *Counterattack*, Dr. Thierman seized the occasion to denounce the U. S. legation in Budapest as a 'spy center.' He also put his imprimatur on this statement issued by the U. S. delegation:

"The threat of war is hatched in the offices of our Wall Street financial lords . . . More than one-third of us [in the U. S.] are brought up in ugly tenement slums . . . Purge committees, often composed

of Negro-haters and open Fascists, censor our textbooks, plunder our libraries, hound progressive teachers, threaten protesting students . . . To the ever-louder demand of our youth for jobs, all Wall Street can answer is "Join the Army." "

Dr. Sheppard C. Thierman's case is an almost unbelievable example of army laxity in handling Communists. With full details of the young doctor's Communist affiliations available, the Army commissioned him as a first lieutenant in the Medical Corps. In October 1951, the Army sent him to Korea where he spent nine months doctoring Red prisoners on — of all places — Koje Island, the scene of the bloody POW riots. It ought to be possible to pin the responsibility for the Thierman case on the individual or individuals in the Pentagon who sent him, a widely known Communist, to Koje Island; but, dollars to doughnuts, the American people will never be allowed to learn the names of those responsible for this fantastic negligence. We have our own "iron curtain" lowered between the American people and the reeking scandals of government agencies — Pentagon, C.I.A., State Department, etc.

FOR more than ten years, the Communists have utilized an organization known as the Physicians Forum as a highly effective medium for transmitting the Party line to doctors.

Dr. Ernst P. Boas and Dr. Allan

M. Butler, two distinguished physicians who are chairman and vice-chairman respectively of the Physicians Forum, have long records of affiliation with the Communist-front apparatus. Both men were sponsors of the blatantly Communist enterprise, the Cultural and Scientific Conference for World Peace, held at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel under the auspices of the National Council of the Arts, Sciences and Professions. It would require many pages to give in detail the pro-Communist affiliations of these two men of medicine.

Early this year, the Physicians Forum celebrated its "tenth" anniversary, although it was organized in 1941. Greetings were received from Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt and the following prominent M.D.s: Professor John P. Peters, of Yale; Professor Stanley Cobb, of Harvard; Henry E. Sigerist, of Johns Hopkins and of Yale; and Professor Alice Hamilton, of Harvard. Professor Fowler W. Harper, of Yale; Professor Linus Pauling, of the California Institute of Technology, and President F. D. Patterson, of Tuskegee Institute, also sent greetings. All of these persons are well known for their affiliations with the Communist-front apparatus.

The Unitarian clergyman of Los Angeles, the Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, also sent greetings to the Physicians Forum. Fritchman pleaded the Fifth Amendment when asked about his Communist Party membership by the Congressional Committee on

Un-American Activities. The State Department refused Fritchman a passport for travel to Australia.

Among the members of the board of directors of the Physicians Forum are Dr. Jacob Auslander, convicted of contempt of Congress, and Dr. Harold Aaron, long-time medical editor of Consumers Union.

For years, the Physicians Forum has issued a column dealing with medical subjects, which has been printed very frequently in Communist publications.

Information from inside the Physicians Forum indicates that more than one thousand doctors of medicine are members of the organization.

Only two organizations sent greetings to the Physicians Forum on the occasion of its "tenth" anniversary, one of them being the Committee for Medical Freedom.

THIS brings us to the story of the Committee for Medical Freedom. This unit of the Communist-front apparatus was organized for the primary purpose of agitating against the dismissal of certain M.D.s from the Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles; namely, Dr. Murray Abowitz and Dr. Alex Pennes. To the credit of the hospital, be it said that prompt action was taken against these two physicians because of their

Communist affiliations. Both Dr. Abowitz and Dr. Pennes appeared before the Congressional Committee on Un-American Activities and refused to affirm or deny their membership in the Communist Party. They had been accused of such membership by other witnesses before the committee.

Dr. Abowitz and Dr. Pennes, despite their refusal to deny Communist Party membership, have been defended by many M.D.s throughout the U. S.

Let it be emphasized that no other professional group in the United States has been more alert to expose and deal effectively with the Communist infiltration of its own ranks than the medical profession. Patriotic lawyers in the American Bar Association, under the leadership of one of the great United States Senators of our time, the Honorable Herbert O'Connor, have determined to do something about the Communist infiltration of the legal profession. Hundreds of individual Protestant clergymen have resolved to cleanse their ranks of pro-Communist collaborators, despite the malicious and mendacious smears of highly-placed political stooges. The reassuring truth is that the vast majority of the medical profession has, again and again, shown its determination to resist Communist infiltration.

Miami Metamorphosis

By Tom Q. Smith

Item from Jack Kofoed's column in the *Miami Herald*: "The swank Brook Club, plush haunt of big-time gamblers, is to become a supermarket."

ONLY six quick years ago the city of Miami, Florida, and its environs were as giddy, in season, as a shower of confetti. Presumably no one worked except to cater to The Tourist. The very name "Miami" connoted sun, sand and sin.

Today the sun shines bright, some of the sand is still visible, but the sin has undergone a change which sadly suggests that the nation's foremost resort city is becoming a drably metropolitan ant hill — a New York with palm trees.

No longer are Miami's sins the peccadillos of the rich over which the natives, properly mindful of their Number One Money Crop, could snicker vicariously.

Today, the sins of Miami (and let's apply the name "Miami" to the twenty-one various municipalities from Miami Beach to Hialeah) are more likely to be of the sort captioned SHORT-ORDER COOK STABS SWEETHEART than PLAYBOY PUSHES DANCER OFF YACHT.

Industry, once a bad word, has become a fetish. Miami is not so much interested in spreading its bread with jam as in winning the bread, year-round. The Miami Chamber of Commerce has sweetened industry with the adjective "light," and now dangles before Industrial America its bait of "no heating costs," and "less absenteeism from colds."

And it is catching plenty of nourishing industrial fish. Within the past year, a dozen factories have been moved to Miami, complete, from northern cities like Cincinnati and Detroit. The Miami area, in fact, now has more than 1500 factories. Two hundred of these are garment factories. The others turn out a variety of jealousies, aluminum window frames, aluminum awnings, plastic and aluminum outdoor furniture, driftwood lamps and other colorful products.

In addition to this furore of industry, Miami's master airport provides work for 18,000 men and wom-

en year-round. Both Pan American World Airways and Eastern Air Lines have gigantic aircraft maintenance shops in the Miami area.

Miami's marine industries (commercial fishing, freezing of fish, manufacturing of boats —, etc.) annually hits a multi-million-dollar total.

There is no doubt that Miami is on the Los Angeles trail from tourism to industrialization.

World War II began the menopausal change of Miami life from a holiday youth toward an industrious middle-age. But the passing of the late Steve Hannagan marked the end of what can be called the "Miami Beach era" with a dramatic exclamation point.

It was Hannagan who hit upon the idea of symbolizing the opulent charms of Miami Beach with the picture of a lavishly decorative bathing beauty leaning upon an adjacently ditto palm.

It was a pin-up combination that won the world in winter. It spelled out, with happy lack of subtlety, such enticements as mellow sunshine, splashing surf, clicking dice, cocktails for two and silvery moonlight.

I had the educational pleasure of working for Hannagan (typically, he put the "Q" in my name) one season in the early 1930's when he was publicizing the Hialeah Race Track.

The magic word for Hialeah, Hannagan announced, was to be "sparkle." Copy, pictures, ads — every-

thing must "sparkle." And sparkle they did.

It occurs to me now that what Miami has lost, along with the ebullient Hannagan, is "sparkle," the shimmering razzle-dazzle of pin-wheeling sparkle that made Miami Beach the gayest spot in the world for a winter vacation.

THE old Miami Beach, of course, was not without its woes but they had always a touch of whimsy.

As a case in point, I remember a poignant interview with a middle-aged woman, recently widowed, who was one of America's twelve richest women. The interview took place about 1939 in the salon of a yacht which looked to my dazzled eyes the approximate length of a city block.

She was crying. She had been crying for a long time. Her hands nervously shuffled a stack of bills.

"It's shoes," she sobbed. "Shoes. Always shoes. I never knew shoes cost so much!"

I glanced down at her seemingly sensible oxfords and offered the thought that even a millionaire can wear but one pair of shoes at a time.

Pure amazement stopped the flow of tears. "They're not for *me*," she snapped. "They're for my horses!"

In the same daffy era, I was employed one season as publicity agent for a plush supper club on the bay side of Miami Beach. It was a deluxe set-up — impeccable service, delectable food, star entertainers and, it follows, gambling.

I had fallen into this cushy job by virtue of political connections. I spent most of my time in a back room watching a continuous card game and talking, but only when he felt the urge to talk, with a sad little man from New York. He had some vague connection with the club, but he was a shy fellow and he never ventured into the outer brilliance of the dining room.

Mr. S. and I drank brandy together and sometimes he talked, tearfully, about the breadlines in New York. When I had a cold, he offered me a case of champagne.

This astounding generosity so warmed the cockles of my heart that I lay awake nights pondering what I could do for this fine fellow. At last it came to me, in much the way the flash bulb of an idea explodes for comic strip characters. I would get him a police courtesy card!

In those days the Miami police department issued courtesy cards to important visitors. These cards had no practical value, but they extended in glowing phrases the courtesies of the city government to the name on the dotted line. Tourists from Indiana and Ohio loved them. I would get one for my friend.

On the way to present the card to Mr. S. I stopped to call upon the politician who had secured my job for me.

"Not much," I said, "just a gesture." Proudly I exhibited the police courtesy card, neatly lettered with the name of Mr. S.

The politico's eyes popped. His florid Irish face turned the color of dirty dishwater. He swallowed hard, and shuddered.

"Look, bub," he managed after a moment of what could have been silent prayer, "we can tear up the card. But can you get the name torn out of the police records?"

Mightily shaken, I said it could be done. But it was only after I had arranged, by phone, for the theft of an entire page that he relaxed.

"I thought you knew," he explained. "Mr. S. is wanted in New York for the fatal shooting of—" he named a notorious gangster. "Naturally, the police don't bother him here, that's our arrangement, but a police courtesy card—. You can go too far!"

Such was the old Miami.

THE new urban area, looking toward a population of a million and a half by 1965, even now is attracting a type of tourist to match the new industrial respectability. This fellow, interested in industry at home, is not mortally affronted when he encounters it upon his vacation. In fact, at least half of Miami's new industrialists were tourists who went out and looked for industrial possibilities.

Of course, not all the change in Miami is toward industrialization. Some bespeaks the brotherhood of man.

I am touched with wry amusement at the sight of Mount Sinai

hospital. This fine hospital, on the bay side of Miami Beach, once was the exclusive Nautilus Hotel. (No relation to the present Nautilus.)

There comes to my mind a scene I witnessed in the old Nautilus gardens. The year was 1939. A young woman, conservatively dressed and Gentile though she bore the Jewish name of her famous husband, walked a grim straight line from the docks to her waiting car.

Midway of the gardens, she paused and looked around her at the rich, the complaining, the dowdy, the socialite, at the Arthur Murray dancers, the avid photographers, the tennis pros and bookies, all of whom basked in expensive sunshine.

"And they won't even let *us* tie to the dock," she said.

It is not likely that this incident could be repeated on Miami Beach today. But no era ends exactly, and the publicity departments of Miami and Miami Beach still mail out "cheesecake" photographs in the Hannagan manner. They still pick up the check for a thirsty northern press. But, early in 1953, Miami's

tax payers raised a hullabaloo over a bill for drinks. Clearly "Mene, Mene, Tekel," is on the wall of the old holiday city.

Today's Miami is one of the nation's fastest-growing population centers. It provides a variety of work for all those who care to work, and de luxe accommodations and pleasures for those who don't.

Engineers, skilled mechanics, tool and die makers, sewing machine operators, food technicians and agricultural workers with scientific know-how are much in demand. Only lawyers and real estate men are in over-supply.

Today Miami has a broad economic bottom on which to rest comfortably. The city even has taken on a semblance of culture. The University of Miami provides adult courses in philosophy and bait-casting. The city has grand opera and Arthur Godfrey.

The change is salutary. But somehow it seems too much that the once-glittering Brook Club, plush haunt of gamblers, should become a super-market. *O tempora, O mores.*



» Arriving at an airport after a cross-country flight, actor Robert Taylor was asked by reporters whether he considered flying safe. After musing for a moment, the actor replied, "No, I don't think that flying is perfectly safe. Almost anything can happen while you're driving to the airport."

There Are Two Sides | Would You Have to Every Story . . . Guessed This One?

BY ETHEL WACHS

ONE COLD, January morning in Boston, Massachusetts, an infant son was born to a gifted actress. Her husband, also an actor, was filled with paternal pride . . . but this family was not destined to stay together long.

At the age of three, this precocious but charming boy named Edgar became an orphan. He was adopted, though not legally, by a family in Richmond, Virginia. His foster mother loved him as though he were her own child, but his foster father, a wealthy exporter, merely tolerated him.

When Edgar was six years old, the family moved to England where the child was sent to school. Afterwards, he came back to the United States and began studying at the University of Virginia.

Unfortunately, young Edgar developed a great fondness for drinking and gambling. As a result of this, he quarreled with his foster father and his studies at the University were culminated before the first year had elapsed.

He ran away to Boston where he enlisted in the Coast Guard but was subsequently appointed, through his foster father's efforts, a cadet

at West Point. Within six months he was dismissed because of neglect of duty and at this point, his foster father disowned him.

He fell deeply in love — with a lovely cousin of his who was only fourteen years old — and he married her. He was extremely happy with his wife. Virginia was a great inspiration to him.

However, Edgar's excessive love for liquor and opium made it very difficult for him to hold down a job. He and his attractive wife were forced to live in utter poverty. It was a great shock to him when his wife died . . . of tuberculosis. He even made an attempt to commit suicide.

As luck would have it, though, he met a former sweetheart of his who was now a wealthy widow. He became engaged to her. Two years after the death of his first wife, Edgar started on his way to Baltimore, to be married again. His enthusiasm called for celebration. Only he celebrated too much!

When they found him on the street, he was unconscious. A few days later, he died.

Edgar Allan Poe was only forty years old. (1809-1849).



AMERICA'S WORST BADMAN

BY JAMES R. ASWELL

WHEN Karl Marx was still a schoolboy in Germany, long before anyone had nightmares about the Communist Party and its winning ways, an American devised and shrewdly applied many of the techniques we now associate with the Kremlin. If his plans had succeeded — and they came shockingly close to it — he would have plunged the country, from Ohio to the Gulf, into a fury of blood and fire. . . .

John Andrews Murrell was born in 1804, appropriately at a thieves' tavern his mother kept somewhere on the Natchez Trace, the main overland route from the Mississippi Delta to the North and East. Mom's place served as hideout and booty-exchange for the highwaymen infesting the canebrakes and roadside thickets of the Trace. Murrell said, "Mom taught me and all her children to steal as soon as we could walk."

Young John proved an apt pupil. At the age of sixteen, one dark night he struck out on his own. He scampered northward along the Trace

with Mom's horses in tow and with a leather bag containing all Mom's savings. Even at sixteen Murrell had an uncanny knack for smelling out his own kind. Inside of a few hours after reaching Nashville, Tennessee, he had nosed out and gone partners with Harry Crenshaw, one of Jean Lafitte's pirates who found throat-slitting more profitable on land.

For three years Murrell and Crenshaw roamed east to the Carolinas, north into Ohio, and as far west as Texas, then a Mexican province. Crenshaw exercised distracting guile on travelers while John took on the office of executioner. Each wayfarer robbed was a man dead. Murrell didn't bother to keep tabs on his murders unless some quirk in the affair amused him. For example, he was to recall with a chuckle the back-country swain they stalked. On his body they found less than four dollars in cash, a hymnal, and a packet of love letters.

"Joke was on us that time," said Murrell.

Between circuits, Murrell and Crenshaw whooped it up in the Mississippi River towns. Rigged in the best tailored style, they flung their booty to the gaming tables and most particularly to the ladies of Pinch Gut, Smoky Row, and Natchez-under-the-Hill. After a bout with the New Orleans fleshpots, John Murrell awoke to find that Crenshaw had skipped out. The pirate had become terrified of his apprenticeship.

Without the older man to keep a check-rein on him, Murrell stumbled into trouble with the law. In the fall of 1825, he casually filched a blooded mare belonging to a close friend and neighbor of Andrew Jackson. Pursuit and capture came promptly. Murrell stood trial at Nashville.

The jury swiftly returned a guilty verdict. In addition to a year in prison, Murrell's sentence included his being "publicly rendered infamous," thirty lashes on his bare back, three days in the pillory, and branding (HT for 'horse thief') on his right thumb in the presence of the court."

Tall, wiry, with dark hair and strange, pewter-gray eyes, his sharp-boned face immobile, Murrell extended his hand to the branding iron. Then, bowing sardonically to judge and jury, he calmly lifted the thumb to his teeth and ripped off the branded flesh to the bone.

He was twenty-one years old at the time of this eerie exhibition.

MURRELL's twelve months in the penitentiary served him for self-analysis and study. He absorbed everything he could learn from assorted highbinders, thieves, counterfeiters, swindlers, and murderers. Visiting preachers gave him tracts and a Bible. They felt uplifted to see him pore over their gifts. He seemed, and was, genuinely zealous to master what they taught. Not, however, for the reasons they assumed.

John Andrews Murrell received his discharge from prison in 1826. He vanished.

Simultaneously a young wandering preacher began appearing at camp meetings. He called himself by several names. He professed whichever creed had gathered together for the revival. People had seldom heard a more powerful exhorter or leader in prayer. He particularly shone at praying over the baskets in which thank-offerings had been gathered from the congregation. Later it was invariably discovered that counterfeit had by some sleight-of-hand been substituted for genuine coin and banknotes. And, always, the young mock-clergyman could not be found.

For years he successfully passed himself off as doctor, lawyer, planter, land agent, horse trader, politician, and soldier, as well as traveling preacher. His favorite role remained that of clergyman. "I hate the human race," he said quite candidly, "and the Bible-ists worst of all."

Speaking of one of his expeditions, this one into Kentucky, he said, "Robbed and killed only eight people on that trip — but I preached some damn fine sermons!"

By the early 1830's Murrell had metamorphosed from a lone wolf into the chief of an apparatus with branches operating all the way from Maryland to Louisiana. With his talent for spotting what he called "men of the real grit," he had collected scoundrels, professional criminals, homicidal madmen, and a body of the generally disgruntled. He became for his day "the Syndicate," "Murder, Incorporated," and the "Mafia," rolled in one. Murrell invented for his organization the name "Mystic Clan." His Grand Council, the elite, numbered about two hundred. They transmitted Murrell's orders to a rank-and-file, recruited and operating on the call principle, members known to each other, for the most part, only by code names. There was an intricate rigmarole of secret signals and passwords. The Clan had its own internal police force called "Strykers," a term Murrell borrowed from British thieves' cant. They levied tribute, enforced obedience, broke up rival criminal rings.

Wrote Samuel Hammett, a reliable contemporary source on Murrell: "His victims were seduced to committing crime, and the trap was then sprung upon them. All were fish that came to Murrell's net; the low gambler and the rich

villain equally. In this manner, ere long, he numbered men of all classes and grades, including many persons of wealth, judges, lawyers, clergymen, militia officers of high rank, planters, merchants, etc."

A COMPLETE roster of Murrell's crimes or a detailed account of his comings and goings between 1826 and 1834 has never been compiled. He is known to have made at least one trip to Mexico and Central America. Somewhere he acquired a wife, fathered two daughters. In 1832 he built a fortress-like stone house at Denmark, Tennessee, letting it be known that he was a wealthy Virginian come to settle in this fertile cotton country.

However, one thing is certain. By 1834, when he was thirty, Murrell's brain was boiling with a new and terrible venture, a scheme that dwarfed all his earlier villainies.

Then John Murrell blundered twice in succession, and badly.

He first slipped when he ordered stolen two field hands belonging to Richard Henning, a small farmer in the Denmark community. This went directly counter to one of his strictest rules: "A hawk that raids chicken yards too near home betrays his nest." He held his Clansmen under strict orders to keep their depredations a healthy distance from his stone house. But Henning, a lay preacher, had been after Murrell to come to church. To Murrell that was red flag to bull, sand between

his teeth — thundering infuriation!

He had Henning's slaves kidnapped "to teach the psalm-whanging old cooter a lesson." Still in a transport of rage, Murrell let Henning know who was behind it, warning him to hold his peace, "for I can whip you with anything from the point of a dagger to the anchor of a ship!"

"At this critical time," runs one account, "Virgil A. Stewart, a friend of Henning, appeared on the field for a visit and the whole affair was laid bare before him." Stewart was an Indian trader from the Choctaw Nation in Mississippi. As a boy he had lived for a while with the Hennings after his parents had died. Bold, tough-minded, he determined to make the injury of Henning a personal vendetta. He had no idea, nor had Murrell, what they both faced.

LATE in February, 1834, on an iron morning ringing with frost, John Murrell rode south from Denmark, bound for a crucial meeting of his Mystic Clan's Grand Council. A short way beyond the Hatchie River tollbridge he overtook a roughly dressed, sullen-looking young man who, at being greeted, eyed him narrowly and dropped his hand close to a horse pistol thrust in his belt.

Murrell made one of the snap judgments upon which he prided himself. Here was a rogue, a man of violence, a specimen of the pure

grit, one of his own kind. And, from his hard suspicion, on the run from the law.

Always on the prod for recruits, Murrell adeptly sounded out the hulking youngster, who grunted that his name was Adam Hughes and that he was searching for a stolen horse.

"Already stolen or about to be?" Murrell laughed.

Briefly, John Murrell soon satisfied himself that his hunch about the spurious Hughes had been correct. As they rode on, bit by degree he told Virgil Stewart about the Mystic Clan, revealing his own identity as its chief. Abruptly producing a brace of deadly little pistols, he suggested that Stewart come in with the Clan, to which the young man agreed with a great show of eagerness.

"Come along with me then to headquarters," Murrell said.

Riding through snow and sleet storms, Murrell and his new recruit were three days reaching Randolph, a river town above Memphis. Amazingly, the tight-lipped Murrell turned chatterbox. To Stewart he poured out the story of his crimes, rattled off the names of scores of Clan members. "Murrell's weak point was vanity," commented Samuel Hammett. "Stewart's admiration of the villainous performances related so won upon him that he really conceived a kind of friendship for him. A desperate game truly did Stewart play."

In a howling storm, the two paddled a skiff across the Mississippi to the Arkansas side. Murrell led the way deep into a frozen swamp where he said he had established Clan headquarters in an abandoned island Indian village. On the way Murrell divulged the crowning enormity of his career.

He told Stewart that he was completing plans for a slave uprising throughout the South. The Mystic Clan would furnish weapons and leadership. The country would be thrown into chaos. As fighting raged, the Clan would shift to its real goal. They would loot a score of prosperous towns, from Memphis to Mobile and New Orleans. Murrell himself would lead the attack on New Orleans, he said. "Think of it, Hughes — even the British couldn't take her!"

Inevitably state and federal troops would crush the rebellion. Meanwhile thousands of whites would have been killed and, as for the deluded Negroes, be hanged to them as far as Murrell was concerned! He and picked numbers of the Clan, laden with plunder, would be safe in Mexico or Central America where they could topple weak local governments and set up their own bandit state.

Murrell had set the revolt for December 25, 1835. Only he would have chosen Christmas Day to set off a bloody massacre.

"Here's the wildest liar in the United States!" Stewart thought.

He changed his mind once they reached the swamp island headquarters. After initiation into the Mystic Clan, Stewart sat in on a two-day conference of the Grand Council. He listened to their maturing plans for the slave uprising. He learned, incidentally, that Henning's two stolen slaves had been sold to a planter named Erwin. Late at night Stewart scribbled notes on scraps of paper, hiding them in his boots.

When the Grand Council meeting broke up, Stewart recrossed the Mississippi with Murrell. At Randolph, he told Murrell there was a bouncing girl he wanted to visit for a few days. Murrell winked and said, "Go to it, Hughes!"

STEWART circled Murrell. He rode hell-for-leather and reached Denmark two days before the outlaw. A grand jury hastily convened at Jackson, the county seat, and indicted Murrell for theft of Henning's slaves. Stewart did not mention the slave revolt conspiracy. He wanted to see Murrell safely in charge before letting *that* tiger out of the bag.

Arrested on his return to Denmark, Murrell was jailed in Jackson.

The trial went swiftly, although Murrell had as his defense battery four top attorneys, headed by Tennessee Congressman Milton Brown. Stewart gave his evidence, the two Negroes were identified, and Mr. Erwin, the planter who had bought them, nailed Murrell as the seller.

At this point the old accounts are puzzling. The presiding judge, Joshua Haskell, seems to have taken an extraordinarily loose view of court procedures. When Stewart requested permission to digress from the charge at issue, the amiable jurist nodded. Thereupon Stewart sketched the development of the Mystic Clan, as told to him by Murrell, and revealed the plot for a slave insurrection.

At any rate, evidence was so clear on the slave-running charge against Murrell that he was promptly declared guilty. Judge Haskell sentenced him to ten years in prison.

Virgil Stewart did not give up the task he had set himself to accomplish. At his own expense he had a job printer turn out a pamphlet, detailing Murrell's plans, naming 438 Clan members in every Southern state. The City Council of New Orleans took the list seriously enough to publish it and warn that anyone whose name appeared would be instantly arrested if found within the municipal limits.

EARLY in the summer of 1835 other towns suddenly took Stewart's revelations seriously. Frightened slaves reported to their masters. They said that not only had the planned revolt been a fact, but that although now leaderless, the Mystic Clan planned to touch it off at a closer date, the Fourth of July. Now convinced, planters and townsfolk secretly organized "vigi-

lant committees" and bands of regulators.

On Independence Day, sure enough, mobs of riffraff led by Clansmen erupted. In Memphis they tried to burn the courthouse. All day they rioted and looted before being driven back to their holes in Pinch Gut, the local "varmint town." It was the same in half-a-dozen other places.

The slaves, however, did not revolt. They had learned of Stewart's disclosures through their own grapevine and refused to follow Mystic Clan orders.

Those ringleaders of the abortive uprising who did not escape towards Texas and the North were rounded up. Some went to prison, many were hanged. Dozens confessed, implicating others. Dr. Joshua Cotton, one of five conspirators hanged near Vicksburg, corroborated Stewart's story in every detail, as did several others among the condemned.

So fell apart a savage and gloomy conspiracy that well might have altered the course of American history. Its defeat turned upon the daring of one man, Virgil Stewart.

As for John Andrews Murrell, he went mad in his prison cell—if he was not already so when he chattered out his plans to Stewart. His term ended in 1845. He was discharged in the last stages of tuberculosis. "Then," editorialized a contemporary newspaper, "the Great Western Land Pirate at length did his country a service. He died."



foreign money

BY BEN MASSELINK

THE BEST PART of any country is the money. I am rather close with a dollar bill but when it comes to francs, pounds or pesos, I am a fool. To the delight of the natives, I distribute them like religious pamphlets. An American dollar bill is grave. American paper money lacks imagination and color. But foreign money has a childish charm. A Jamaican ten-shilling note, for instance, is painted a blurry purple with a lot of white spaces on it, the way a child paints the sky. You feel that when they get around to it the British Government will fill in these white spaces but as yet they haven't thought of anything really good and funny.

Certainly a money transaction in the States is not gay. No one grins or whistles. A bank teller doesn't often joke with you and on the side, try to sell you homemade trinkets. In

America money is a serious business, like death in the family. But in a foreign country money is hilarious. The bank in Taxco, Mexico, is also an automobile supply store. The teller rolls away several dusty tires to open the cash drawer. Outside on the steps in the sun, a guitarist accompanies him. Everyone grins. People in the street join in the chanting as he counts the pesos, "Unos, dos, tres, cuatros . . ." It is not difficult to get into the spirit of such a thing. You join in the chanting, dance a step or two from a samba. Then standing on the steps facing the crowd as if you were about to address them, you suddenly toss the pesos in the air and giggling madly, dash down the street as the people chase the zigzagging leaves.

The traveler arrives on foreign shores with a smile in his heart and an imitation leather notebook of

traveler's checks in his pocket. The way I look at it, traveler's checks aren't real money. I went to my bank, wrote a check, and they gave me this little notebook. I didn't see any real money change hands. I gave them a paper check for this notebook. You soon realize, however, that they are money when you cash them, a fact that never ceases to amaze me. When I cash a traveler's check at a bank, I figure I have already spent it. Therefore the money I get in return is a reward, a bonus, free money, a prize, and I can do as I please with it — buy more baskets or give to some foundation such as a shoeshine boy.

While we're on the subject of traveler's checks I might add a few words about matching signatures. It is almost impossible for me to match my own signature. Conditions change. I was a far younger and healthier person when I first signed those checks. When you first go to a bank for traveler's checks the teller says firmly, "Sign them up here," he indicates the top space with his pencil, "and when you have signed them all bring them back to me." While he is telling me this I am searching my pockets for my pen, which I know isn't there because I don't have a pen. I began hating pens years ago when pen companies abandoned the little rubber bladders. "Well, here," the teller says, fumbling around in his drawer while the man behind forces me against the wicket, "Use this one."

I move to one side and begin signing the traveler's checks with the old dip pen. The little marble shelf that runs chest high on the outside of the tellers' windows is not wide enough. I don't have a blotter. "Excuse me," someone says bumping my elbow. That person caused an "i" to look like a "k." I must keep in mind that when I again sign this particular check to make the "i" look like a "k." After ten signatures my hand turns to stone. I keep having to go back over my name to dot the "i's," to round out the lower half of the capital "B" so that it looks less like a "D." Den. No one is named Den. But then, suddenly bored, I don't care anymore. The rest of the signatures are dashed off as carelessly as if I were signing for registered mail. I'll worry about them later.

AND indeed I do. I stood at a teller's window in Cuernavaca one bright morning and smiling blandly, grandly opened my little notebook of traveler's checks. The signature I saw there was hardly mine. I pretended I wasn't looking at it. The Mexican teller glared at me darkly. I grinned and picked up a dip pen. I couldn't spend any more time studying my own signature written ages ago within the continental limits of the United States. You're not supposed to do this. That's what bank tellers watch out for. You're just supposed to sign it right off. I signed on the bottom line. There was no resemblance be-

tween the two signatures. One looked like Palmer method, the other like Speedwriting. The teller snatched the check from under my pen, scowled at it, turned it over, stamped it and began dealing me pesos. "Unos, dos, tres, cuatros . . ."

That's the nice thing about traveler's checks. You don't have to match your own signature. No one cares. They frown at it because they're supposed to but they don't really care. They know they'll get their money even if you are a phony. That American Express is a big, reliable outfit.

I usually spend the first three or four days in a foreign country around money. Reading it, feeling it, smelling it, tasting it. Just getting used to it. I like to go into the banks and chum around with the tellers and watch with great excitement this new money pass under the wickets. Soon we become friends, this new money and I, but in the same way as I would become friends with a Frenchman who doesn't speak English. My new money and I grin at each other, nod our heads frequently and make little agreeable noises in our throats. We never do reach complete understanding.

Even the English don't completely understand their own money. It never comes out even because a shilling, which looks like a quarter, is worth considerably less nowadays. When a bill is being made out in pounds, shillings and pence all separated with slanting lines like

this ///, a film passes over my eyes. I just open my wallet and the man takes out some pounds and when he gives me my change, big round mossy pennies and tinny little thrupences, he says, "I guess that's good enough." They're never quite sure themselves that it is the proper change because it is just too difficult to figure. Especially in warm weather. One thick English coin called a farthing isn't worth anything. I manage to collect quite a few of these. When I give these to small boys they hoot and pelt them at my head.

The Jamaican shopkeepers do something which I think is rather unfair. Instead of saying an article costs three pounds, they price it at 60 shillings. In America we don't say a shirt costs 20 quarters. We say it costs five dollars. I wouldn't buy a shirt that costs 20 quarters.

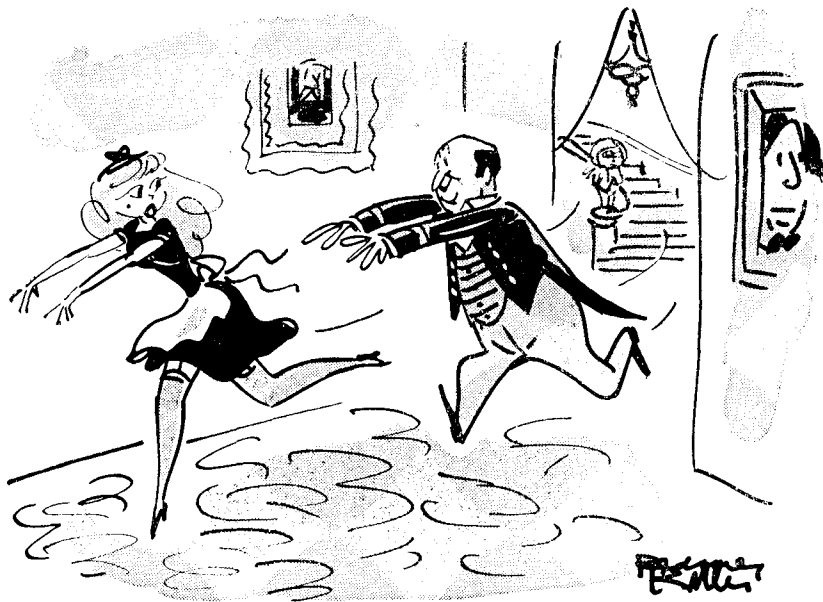
THE FRANC goes to my head like champagne. A thousand-franc note is as decorative and about as large as a Toulouse-Lautrec poster, but not as valuable. Spending francs is madness. There is something wonderful about giving a cab driver 800 francs and telling him to keep the change. Here dreams of grandeur become reality. I once lit a cigar with a fifty franc (12½ cents American) note. If I were a counterfeiter I would go to France or one of her possessions. You wouldn't have to copy the money exactly. I believe the French would like it better if

you would add a few improvements of your own, a dash of color here and there, a change of expression in the gaudy faces. To be a counterfeiter in France all you'd need would be plenty of imagination and some purple, green, and pink ink. You could use a pen or finger paints. You wouldn't even need a steady hand.

My wife says that when we're on foreign shores I never say anything. That's because I'm multiplying and dividing all the time, changing their money into ours, moving decimal points. The smart travelers tell you, "Don't do that. Forget *our* money. Think only in their money." But

this system doesn't work out very well for me. If I just think in their money I begin to get a light head, giggle a lot and give it all away.

I suppose that it is just for this reason that Americans away from home are regarded as millionaires. The natives feel that our pockets are constantly crammed with money which we carry around just to fill out our hips. Americans are sometimes soberly addressed by the natives as "Mr. Ford." The small boys who followed us up and down the streets of Jamaica, picking up the thrupences that fell like seeds from my pockets, said softly and reverently, "You a banker, boss?"



"Stop it, Norton! Try to remember that you're a gentleman's gentleman!"



THE WEB

By

GRACE LEE KENYON

THE WEB is being woven again, in the same intricate, subtle pattern that has been used over and over again since history began. The design is the same, the colors are similar, with a few brilliant accents to vary the background. And its purpose, alas, is the same — the devious, ingenious plan of the crafty, unscrupulous few to gain control of the gullible, stupid many.

Anyone can see the pattern growing if he will take the time to watch and think. There is the sending of young Americans to Europe, in government positions, and the welcoming of various classes of displaced persons to our shores. The luxury living provided the former, and the privileges extended to the latter, all at government expense, point to the same end, namely, the weaning of each group from its national allegiance to any nation offering easier living.

One can see it in the schools, where nationalism is being displaced by world thinking, where our great Americans are being relegated to the background, and their accomplishments belittled, in comparison with the men and the accomplishments of the world, and particularly those of Europe. We can trace it in the scorn of these schools (supported by the American taxpayer) for the vital principles of what was once called education, and the substitution of a little of this and a little of that, in order to discourage thinking, reasoning, and the application of common sense.

Reports of a test given in thirty-six colleges, to 7,000 students, show that an astounding number of these fortunate recipients of the "higher education" listed Alexander Hamilton as being famous for his watches; twenty-five per cent of them did not know that Abraham Lincoln

was President of the United States during the Civil War; and only three per cent could list the states along the Atlantic seaboard with any degree of accuracy. Most of these students had not the faintest idea what the map of the United States looks like. St. Louis, located on America's most famous river, the Mississippi, was placed by them as on the Pacific Ocean, Lake Huron, Lake Erie, the Atlantic Ocean, the St. Lawrence River, and nearly everywhere else.

Just recently, a professor who has been resisting the inroads of modern education for a long time said that so much pressure was brought to bear that he was giving in. He now passes his students whether or not they have learned anything.

This systematic lowering of our educational standards is all a part of the socialistic trend. It is the entering wedge for the proposed World Government, so eagerly hailed by the unthinking as the panacea for all evils. The ability to think things out would raise an army of objectors to this plan for Utopia. The more moronic the thinking, the larger the mob following.

WE FIND the same pattern in much of our legislation, with its fostering and backing of attempts to further control the thinking and the living of what were once free Americans. Count back, and you will be astonished to discover how

many of our privileges have passed from the many to the few, and how deftly the idea was concealed in the propaganda that all this was to our advantage and to the betterment of the nation as a whole. This new idea of legislating our national holidays into a three-day weekend for practically each month, is simply a move to take away their national significance. July 4th has always meant the anniversary of our Declaration of Independence. When it is celebrated on another date, and as merely one day in a long weekend, its significance is lost. It is the same with the birthdays of George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. Legislators would have these days merely two of a group of birthdays, to be celebrated as Presidents' Day, with a three-day weekend. How many Presidents, I would ask, are entitled to this recognition?

Thoughtful men and women have always regarded these schemes as a part of a great national hoax, a sordid plan to discourage national pride and patriotism.

It doesn't seem possible that the descendants of people who came to America to escape the evils of the Old World can be so absolutely foolhardy and ignorant of consequences as to practically beg the Old World to rivet on the traditional fetters once more, but so it seems. One cannot help wondering if such people think, for one moment, that this unholy union will bring about a democratic attitude

on the part of Europeans of all classes toward all Americans. If they think so, they are in for a sad awakening. Once Europe has us under its thumb, socially, financially and according to its charter, in a coalition where we are outnumbered and will be out-voted at every turn, we will find that the same rigid caste system prevails, and we will have no defense against it. The Old World will once more determine what taxes we shall pay, what the worker, the landlord, the butcher and the baker shall receive, how our manufacturers shall compete with those of Europe, our social status, and every other detail of our public and private lives.

And England, the country so many Americans hate, for no particular reason that I can see, will turn a cold shoulder toward the Continent, as Anglo-Saxons have always done, and, aided by American gold and American might, will climb back, at least part way, to her former place in the sun. It is part of an old plan, and one for which Cecil Rhodes left a huge fortune.

It begins to look, in spite of the worldwide bursts of nationalism, as if the Republic is on its way out. The common man has had his chance, the greatest chance man ever had, and has "muffed it." So long as the going was hard and he had to make his way in the world,

he kept a level head; but, with prosperity came his downfall, and there were many waiting for the crash, in order to encourage him in any folly he might commit.

PERHAPS, sometime in the far distant future, another generation will realize the stupidity of this one and will undertake another revolution, but I doubt it. The work of the enemy has been too well done. This generation has become smug and complacent, pleased with its own ignorance. The old will to win has been smothered by soft living, subsidies and subversive infiltration, foisted upon us by the past two decades. We do not deserve pity, except the pity one extends to all fools. We had everything, and we sat supinely back and let a bunch of crooks work the old shell game and clean us out!

But men, women, and patriotic organizations are struggling today to save Americans from the results of their monumental greed and inertia, and they are being scorned and derided for their efforts. I sometimes wonder if Americans, in their present state, are worth saving. Whether or not they are, America itself, the greatest experiment ever undertaken for the improvement of mankind, is worth every effort we can put forth — and we shall carry on.



THE MAN WHO BOUGHT *Alaska*

BY CAROL LETCHER

At four o'clock in the morning on March 4, 1867, two men signed a diplomatic treaty in Washington, D. C. They were William H. Seward, the American Secretary of State, and Baron Edward de Stoeckl, the Russian Ambassador to the United States. The treaty was for the purchase of Alaska by the United States from Russia.

Because of the vast importance of Alaska to the United States, especially with today's international tensions focusing across the polar areas, this transaction appears as the crowning achievement in the life of Secretary Seward, who already had earned his place among America's greatest statesmen.

William Henry Seward was born on May 16, 1801, in Florida, New York, a village about seventy-five miles from New York City. His father was a successful physician and

businessman, and he was raised in comfortable prosperity.

He graduated with honors from Union College in Schenectady at nineteen, studied law, and was admitted to the bar two years later. In 1823, he went west to settle permanently in Auburn, New York, and marry the daughter of his law partner.

Gentle, cultured Frances Seward had a great sensitivity to moral issues; her influence was strongly reflected in the humanitarian ideals of her husband, who was always to seek her counsel devotedly.

Politics exerted an early and powerful attraction on Seward. Raised as a Jeffersonian Republican, he joined the small but energetic Anti-Masonic Party after the Republican collapse in 1828. A gregarious, prepossessing personality, a brilliant mind, and a talent for the clear,

forceful use of words carried the slight, red-headed young lawyer up the political ladder swiftly. He was elected to a four-year term in the State Senate in 1830.

At twenty-nine he was the youngest of its thirty-two members and the least experienced in public life. But by 1834, through an impressive capacity for leadership and courageous, able support of humanitarian legal reforms, he was distinguished enough to be unanimously nominated for governor by the Whig Party, which he had joined after the Anti-Masonic Party died. Although defeated in the general election, he ran again in 1838 and was elected. He was re-elected in 1840.

Bold advocacy of conscientious convictions marked Governor Seward's capable, progressive administration, and in two instances, particularly, made him an object of enduring controversy.

One was his support of non-sectarian public education. This aroused the acclaim of minority groups and the bitter hatred of racial and religious bigots who wanted public education to advance 100 per cent American Protestantism.

The other was his early and unswerving opposition to slavery. When Virginia demanded the extradition of three Negro sailors who had conspired in the escape of a fugitive slave, Governor Seward refused to surrender them. For two years he and the governor of Virginia debated the legal and moral aspects of

the issue by official correspondence. Seward's brilliant, resolute anti-slavery stand awakened national interest, resulted in angry Southern legal retaliation against New York shipping, and brought an offer of the Abolitionist Presidential nomination, which Seward, believing in working through the two-party system to bring about reforms, diplomatically declined.

FOR SIX YEARS following 1842, Seward was out of public office. He successfully practiced law until 1848, when he was elected to the United States Senate. In the next debate-rocked decade he emerged dominant in the Senate as an uncompromising pillar of opposition in the great slavery issue. But he was no blind extremist. He saw the bonds of national unity straining to the breaking point and tried to mend them through adroit statesmanship in an effort he knew was foredoomed.

When the Whig Party collapsed in the mid-1850's, Seward joined the new Republican Party. He was seriously interested in the Presidency now and he had decided to run for it in 1860.

His prospects of reaching the White House seemed excellent. He was conceded to be the leader both of the Senate and the Republican Party. His fine speeches, containing a rare combination of superb reasoning and highly-charged emotional appeal, excited the thoughts and feelings of people everywhere. His

phrases became the battle cries of the Republicans against slavery. The focusing of Southern animosity upon him enhanced his prestige. His stature had achieved international dimensions, and when he traveled to Europe in 1859, he was received with all the honors due a man likely to become the next President of the United States.

He was waiting at his home in Auburn, confident of the arrival of the news of his nomination, when the Republican National Convention of 1860 opened in Chicago. But hostile, determined forces were busy. Seward was ahead on the first two Presidential ballots. Abraham Lincoln was nominated on the third.

But recovering with his usual cheerful resiliency from the blow, Seward not only supported Lincoln; he indefatigably campaigned for him all over the North.

Accepting Lincoln's offer of appointment as Secretary of State, Seward began to work for the new administration before its inauguration. It was vital to forestall the imminent Southern secession at least until Lincoln was in office, and to this end Seward tirelessly used all his charm, influence, and persuasive powers for conciliating the angry Southerners. Anti-slavery extremists attacked him as an unprincipled compromiser, but due largely to his services, the Union was still intact when Lincoln was inaugurated in March.

As Secretary of State during the

Civil War, Seward had the task of preventing threatened European intervention on the side of the Confederacy. Long-time study of the international scene, service on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and extensive traveling abroad had given him a sound understanding of foreign affairs and wide acquaintance among foreign diplomats. Even more importantly, his approach to the problem as being essentially one of human relations, of which his lifetime in practical American politics had given him an unsurpassable knowledge, enabled him to employ shrewd bluff and delicate maneuvering with great success.

He convincingly insinuated that European meddling in American domestic affairs would result in a disastrous world war. He exploited the fears and jealousies existing among the European countries to divert their attention toward each other.

IN ADDITION to his immense official services to the Union cause, Seward served invaluable in an unofficial capacity as the trusted friend of Abraham Lincoln. His home was Lincoln's favorite refuge, and his culture, loyal understanding, and easy humor helped lighten the agonizing burdens Lincoln bore.

In April of 1865, Seward suffered a broken jaw and a broken shoulder in a carriage accident. Nine days later, as part of the plan which included Lincoln's murder, one of the conspirators entered Seward's home

and nearly stabbed the helpless Seward to death. Two of Seward's sons were also seriously although not fatally stabbed, but, worse, the horror of the dreadful affair resulted in the eventual deaths of his wife and only daughter.

Miraculously, Seward survived. He stayed on as Secretary of State, regardless of the battering he took as part of the stormy administration of Andrew Johnson and the physical crippling and emotional devastation resulting from the stabbing. He felt obligated to stand by Johnson as the President honestly tried to carry out Lincoln's reconstruction plans, and besides, there was some diplomatic business he wanted to finish.

Seward was an expansionist. Motivated by amazing international foresight, he sought to secure strategic territories for the United States in the Caribbean and especially in the Pacific area. A hostile Senate curbed many of his plans, and it was only through superb political skill that he secured ratification of the treaty to buy Alaska.

He set up a program of public information about Alaska and thus gained powerful popular support. Through personal appeals, he convinced influential Senators of the advantages of the transaction. There would be commercial profits. The sight of the United States able to spend \$7,200,000 for the new territory would enhance our financial prestige. Most important of all, we would be paying back the debt of

gratitude we owed to Russia who, alone of the European powers, had given the Union cause moral support and who was now very anxious to sell the burdensome Alaska.

With prospects of getting Senate approval looking their brightest and a special session of Congress about to adjourn, Seward had to work quickly on March 29, 1867. He and Russian Ambassador de Stoeckl worked all night at Seward's home drawing up the treaty, which accounted for the 4:00 A.M. signing. The Senate voted to ratify 37 to 2.

Bitter partisan abuse tarnished the purchase for a long time. Alaska was derisively tagged "Seward's Folly." Hoping to humiliate Seward and Johnson, antagonistic leadership in the House of Representatives stalled for a year in appropriating money to pay Russia. Ugly charges of bribery swirled about through Congressional investigations of the matter, although Seward, his own integrity unquestioned, was not implicated personally.

Seward retired in 1869. His last years were happy ones. He immensely enjoyed an honor-paved trip around the world. In the fall of 1871 he returned to his beloved home in Auburn to work on his memoirs and serenely await the end he knew was coming. He died on October 10, 1872.

The American flag flying over the incalculably strategic expanses of Alaska today is a tangible monument to William H. Seward.

DENTISTRY WITHOUT FEAR



BY LETHA L. PATTERSON

DO YOU PUSH the floor boards out of the dentist's chair? Do your tense, cold, sweaty hands grip the arm rests at the very sight of a drill? Or worse yet — do you stay away from the dentist's office because you are so morbidly afraid of pain?

If so, there is hope for you.

And if so, you are probably brighter than the average. (But we know this, already.) Neurologists tell us that the more educated and cultured we are, the less our ability to withstand pain. But making the honor roll or twirling a Phi Beta Kappa key is small comfort when the drill starts coming at us.

Fortunately, there is something new in dentistry which is as old as the hills — or at least as old as the human mind. Suggestion combined with concentration. Surely you have come upon a crowd of people staring down a ravine and you have instinctively wanted to know what was going on. You were suggestible.

Now, have you ever discovered an atrocious bruise on your body with no recollection of having hurt yourself? You didn't remember

banging your hip on the table because you were dashing to answer the telephone. You were concentrating on getting there before the phone stopped ringing.

In the dentist's chair, suggestibility and concentration are useful. The dentist tells you to relax, shows you how to relax, and by concentrating on what he tells you to do, rather than on what he does to you, pain becomes less acute, or even hardly noticeable.

Perhaps you will want to call this phenomenon hypnosis — suggestion — relaxation — psychosomatic sleep. It doesn't matter what you call it. But it should not be confused with real sleep, because you never lose consciousness as in real sleep, and because you *are* conscious, you can control your actions at all times.

No one can hypnotize you against your will and you will do nothing that your conscious mind says "No" to. In fact, it takes a willful person to be hypnotized. Its use is limited to persons above six in age, and those with normal intelligence. (Mentally

retarded persons cannot concentrate well enough to be satisfactory subjects.)

"But how does it work?" you ask. I can answer you because I have tried it.

Dr. William T. Heron, Professor of Psychology at the University of Minnesota, was teaching a group of local dentists the technique of hypnosis. Among them was my own personal dentist, and because I had expressed curiosity I was asked and agreed to be a guinea pig for demonstration purposes.

MY DENTIST, his staff, and I preceded the class to his office, where for fifteen or twenty minutes he had me staring at a spot on the light fixture, tensing one arm, and telling me to relax. I wouldn't respond because I was afraid. Afraid that my dentist didn't know what he was doing. So when Professor Heron arrived with his retinue, I greeted them at the door with, "It's no go. I can't do it."

The next thing I knew, I was back in the chair and Dr. Heron's lullaby voice was telling me to do the same things that my dentist had told me to do. "Stretch out your right hand," I heard Dr. Heron's voice. "Pull it out — like a spring — pull. Now imagine a weight is pulling that arm down — down — down to your knee. When I count three your arm will relax. Keep your eyes closed. You will be relaxed all over. One, two, three."

And I relaxed like a jelly mold, just turned from the ring.

By suggestion, I was told that my jaw would be numb on the side where a gum-line, eye-tooth filling would go in (notoriously painful!). My jaw numbed just to the mid-line as if the nerve had been blocked with novocain, but without that awful distended feeling. The drilling proceeded apace. I was given the privilege of holding up one finger if it got too hot for me. Only once did my finger come up and we stopped for a little more "suggestion."

What probably took twenty minutes seemed only five to me. Then I heard Dr. Heron's voice saying, "Soon you are going to wake up."

"But before you do," he continued, "I want to tell you that no one except a physician, dentist, or a trained psychologist will ever be able to hypnotize you. Now the next time you come into your dentist's chair, he will press his hand against your shoulder — like this — and you will relax immediately. All right, now, I am going to count to five. Then you will open your eyes. Don't try to get up for a few minutes for you may feel sleepy. One, two, three, four, five."

I opened my eyes and stretched like a lazy cat. Then I became aware that I had given a striking demonstration. I heard one dentist say to my dentist, "Do you mean to say that she is one of your more sensitive patients? A gum-line is most painful for even a phlegmatic patient."

Frankly, I felt I had been on a month's vacation. I went home and tumbled into bed and slept the sleep of the blessed.

But the next morning I had the awfulest, guiltiest feeling. What an act I had put on for those gullible dentists! I wasn't hypnotized at all (I thought). I was just pretending because I didn't want my dentist and Dr. Heron to be disappointed after spending so much time on me.

TEN DAYS later, I had an appointment for some more fillings. I cornered one of the dentist's staff and confessed that I had just been play-acting.

"Oh, were you really!" She looked at me and grinned. "That's not what it says in the book. Did you know that your salivary glands practically stopped functioning? They didn't even use the siphon on you. You hardly even bothered to swallow. You were hypnotized, all right."

So I went into the chair. I got my post-hypnotic suggestion, by having my dentist press his hand against my shoulder. And another relaxing half hour was had by all — with the staff peeking in the door.

By this time, I was intrigued with it all. On my next visit, I said to my dentist, "Let's experiment. This time I won't use hypnosis and let's see how I behave."

He started to drill. "Hey, there. Stop relaxing!" he said. "That's not the way you used to do it. Come on, push against the foot rest. Grasp the

arm rests — like you used to do."

Well! I was relaxing all by myself without any conscious effort.

And this ability to relax — the knowledge of the differences between tension and relaxation — has carried over into my everyday life. I sleep better. I work better. Because when I feel myself tensing up, I know how to let go.

True, I had the usual apprehensions about after-effects. I had wondered what would happen if they went off and left me "asleep," but Dr. Heron explained that I would stay put only as long as I wanted to.

Then, too, I had heard that hypnosis could precipitate a mental illness, and I wasn't *too* sure about my buttons (who is?). However, the real danger, the experts warn us, is that we can become too adept at hypnotizing ourselves. But with the post-hypnotic suggestion that only a qualified, well-trained professional person can do it, I am safe.

Hypnosis is just like a lot of other things surrounded by fear and misunderstanding. Not many patients know enough about it to want to chance it. There are still many dentists who are afraid of it — or refuse to try it because they consider it too time-consuming. But Dr. Heron has taught over 500 dentists from Florida to Canada.

The time that it takes to learn hypnosis, and to teach the patient, pays off big dividends in the wear and tear on the patient, and on the dentist himself.

IN OUR READERS' OPINION

» As an American whose love of country comes next to love of God, I wish to express to you my heartfelt gratitude for the articles you publish and for your active, courageous challenge of the "red" menace in our country. Thank you for your support of those who are being persecuted for trying to save us from the fate of Poland and the Balkans.

God will bless you abundantly for the great and patriotic service you are rendering to our country and its anxious and confused citizens.

MRS. THOMAS U. HODGES
Memphis, Tennessee

» Thank God there are a few courageous publications which print the truth about subversives, fellow travelers and Communists.

MRS. L. CLAIR MITCHELL
Pittsburgh, Pa.

» Thank you for the stand you have taken — success!

MRS. R. V. SMITH
Mill Valley, Calif.

» Your magazine is terrific. Keep up the good work.

MRS. MARION W. EPTON
Portland, Oregon

» Please find enclosed a check for one year's subscription. I am anxious to see your magazine keep up its courageous fight against Communism.

THOMAS M. MORSE
Columbus, Ohio

» I am looking forward to more fine articles by Dr. Matthews. I will have to agree that his persecution is perhaps the most inexcusable single incident of recent times.

LAWRENCE D. FORSYTH
New York, N. Y.

» I have enjoyed your magazine very much, wish there were more of the same.

The last article by Matthews was splendid.

MARION N. HAYES
Southwest Harbor, Maine

» Kindly send me 10 copies of your reprint of J. B. Matthews' "Reds and Our Churches" — please keep printing it; 160,000,000 people need to read it and I shall probably send for more.

MRS. MARY CUMMINGS ALSBAUGH
Clarendon Hills, Ill.

» I feel that as a native-born citizen of the U.S.A., it would be a dereliction of duty were I to neglect the present opportunity to subscribe for your straight-shooting, genuine American publication.

EDWARD P. GOETZ
Brooklyn, N. Y.

» It is truly wonderful to find a publication these days with the "guts" to brave the slander and vermin which the "pinko" press and their numerous columnist and commentator comrades inevitably level at anyone who actively fights their plot to murder the Republic.

THOMAS MACK
Portland, Oregon

» Perhaps the best way I can say that I agree with what you may say is that, besides my subscription, I've been buying from four to six copies on the newsstands, giving them away trying to convince others.

MISS REBECCA ALLEN
Nashville, Tenn.

» For the sake of our nation you must continue to expose and document Red infiltration no matter where it appears. The clergy is not a special, exempt group no matter what they may think. It is not only your right but your duty to keep up the good fight to root out subversive individuals or groups.

CHARLES PETIX
New York, N. Y.

» I'd just like to voice my deepest regards for the publication of the *MERCURY*. Being twenty years old, I'm just becoming acquainted with the political scene. . . . These so-called liberals and leftists that have infested our government have been brought out in a courageous way.

ANTHONY DE LEON
Bronx, N. Y.

» More power to you! It is long past the time that some editorial staff took a stand on Communist infiltration into churches, schools, etc. and brought it to light. The harder we hit the louder the dupes and frontiers are going to scream.

MRS. EDITH B. STREET
Huntsville, Texas

» I think Matthews makes out a good case but I also think his experience with the uncanny ability of the Communists to take out any part or phrase of an article and turn it to their own uses

would have led Matthews to have realized his first and opening paragraph gave them just what they want to damn the whole well-considered article. I am surprised — not that the *N. Y. Times* has made the most of it to continue their damning of McCarthy, but that Senator Byrd obviously has not read the article in view of his criticism of it.

DWIGHT P. ROBINSON
Cape Cod, Mass.

» Remove my name from your records: all that is left of *MERCURY* is the name. The rest is repugnant.

PETER SPRAJCAR
Clairton, Pa.

» Only fools, atheists and your magazine will believe that the "American clergy are the largest single group supporting Communism in the United States." Oh, brother! . . . How would you like it said that all journalists are bums because a few of you fellows drink, smoke, and tell dirty jokes?

GERALD T. KROHN
Plainfield, N. J.

» As a Catholic I have no ax to grind for any group of Protestants as such. However, I firmly believe that the American Protestant clergy is as a group one of the strongest forces for good in American cultural life. Listen to the sermons of men like Rev. Buttrick of the Madison Ave. (N.Y.C.) Presbyterian Church sometime if you don't believe that — I have, many times. Admittedly there is a lunatic fringe of clergymen, fellow travelers, or outright Communists, but these should elicit our pity, not our alarm.

MARSHALL J. FOSTER
Madison, N. J.

Do You Know That . . .

- ▶ The American Merchant Marine is the safest in the world, yet it has the second-highest accident rate of any industry. Largest percentage of accidents is caused by hitting against, or being hit by, something.
- ▶ Three Supreme Court justices tie for the record of thirty-four years in office. Chief Justice John Marshall and Justice John M. Harlan each died in office, Justice Stephen J. Field resigned and died two years later.
- ▶ Since the end of World War II, Soviet Russia has violated at least 37 provisions of sixteen international agreements.
- ▶ A sound wave too high for human ears to hear has been harnessed to operate a machine tool which vibrates at about 27,000 times per second in its cutting action.
- ▶ Liberty ships which have been anchored in the Hudson and James Rivers in "mothballs" are being converted for storage of government-owned surplus wheat.
- ▶ Soviet Russia, whose satellite peoples are on starvation rations, has contracted to sell 115,000 tons of wheat to the Netherlands.
- ▶ Fifty-four teachers or former teachers, including many from the faculties of over a dozen colleges and universities, have refused to answer Congressional committee questions as to their possible Communist affiliations. Of these, twenty-nine have been dismissed or suspended from their jobs as a result.
- ▶ A three-year project in Northern and Southern Rhodesia for railroad expansion and modernization will cost a total of 79 million dollars. Fourteen million dollars of the cost is in the form of a loan from the World Bank, an equal amount has already been loaned by the United States' ECA. Both Rhodesias are part of British South Africa.
- ▶ Successful transmission of human brain waves over an ordinary telephone line promises diagnosis at long distance by specialists of patients with brain tumors and cerebral hemorrhages.
- ▶ The FBI announced that of forty-seven criminals on its fugitive lists captured over the past three years, twenty were arrested on tips from the general public as a result of the publication and circulation of "ten most wanted" lists.

NORA DE TOLEDANO

The Coming Battle on

TARIFFS

By

PATRICK McMAHON



THE OLDEST and bitterest controversy in the history of American politics, the tariff issue, is showing signs of springing to life again, after more than twenty years of relative peace and quiet.

When Congress reconvenes next winter the Eisenhower administration expects to submit for its approval a detailed, long-range, foreign economic program, built around the British-coined slogan of "trade, not aid." It will be based on a study now under way by a seventeen-man commission, jointly named by the President and Congress, of the probable impacts on our own economy and the economies of Western Europe, that could result from the anticipated reduction (and, possibly, termination) of the United States' huge, post-war, foreign aid programs.

Among the proposals being studied by the commission are suggestions for increasing the flow of American private foreign investment, for encouraging American

tourist travel abroad, and various plans for extending limited financial assistance by our government.

But the key feature of the new program, both opponents and proponents agree, and the one that is certain to inspire the most controversy on Capitol Hill, will be the administration's promised plans to open the U. S. market to a greatly-increased flow of foreign goods and commodities. There is every indication that the new program, whatever detailed form it may take, will touch off the first show-down battle on American tariffs since Cordell Hull's so-called "Reciprocal Trade" law was passed with little opposition in 1934. There are also indications that it will be a long-term fight.

The fight over tariffs spans the entire course of American history. Generally speaking, it falls into three phases.

In its initial phase, the struggle was over whether or not high duties should be levied to protect infant American industries from foreign

competition. A protective tariff act, which Congress passed over the bitter opposition of the heavily agricultural South, helped lay the groundwork for the War Between the States a half-century later.

At the end of the nineteenth century we had entered into a second phase. American manufacturers had gradually acquired the skills and know-how, and were becoming more and more able to meet, and even surpass, the efficiency of their foreign competitors, and the quality of competitive products. Moreover, after nearly a century of "adverse" balances in our foreign trade, we had commenced to export more than we imported.

But by the early 1900's another factor entered the picture. American living standards and American wage scales were moving upwards at a much faster rate than those abroad.

THUS, a new tariff policy evolved to protect American labor standards from low-wage foreign competition. Although the degree of protection varied sharply under Republican and Democratic administrations, this remained the basic tariff policy of the Government up to the close of World War II. Even Mr. Hull's "Reciprocal Trade" law, which was designed to expand foreign trade by reducing tariffs, had as a corollary objective the protection of American wage scales.

By the end of the war a new tariff philosophy was emerging.

Europe and the Far East were devastated, their producers unable to supply even their normal markets. To fill the needs and desires abroad, our own government began pouring out vast sums for foreign aid. As a result, American exports reached fantastic levels.

Not so well realized is the fact that American imports, too, increased at a furious rate, as a result of our increased dependence on foreign sources for many raw materials, and our high rate of industrial activity. The value of our imports last year exceeded 12 billion dollars, more than quadruple that of 1938-39. Moreover, foreign countries earned an additional 3 billion dollars from the expenditures of U. S. troops and tourists abroad, and the purchases of the U. S. Government. Even if all foreign aid were cut tomorrow, the foreign countries would earn in excess of 16 billions from their sales of goods and services to us, during the next fiscal year, with which to pay for the goods and services they need from the U. S. in return. That is more than five times their total import from the U. S. during the pre-war years.

However, in addition to the dollars they earn through normal trade, the foreign governments have been receiving more than 5 billion dollars a year worth of goods and services, bought and paid for by the U. S. taxpayer and contributed to them under the Marshall Plan, the NATO,

and various other aid programs.

During the foreign aid period, thousands of manufacturing companies have built up a lucrative business selling their products to the U. S. Government, to be given away as "exports" to Europe and, to a much lesser extent, Asia, Latin America, and the Middle East. The same is true of hundreds of thousands of farmers, a portion of whose crops have been sold to the Government for the same purpose. Both the manufacturers and the farmers have been encouraged to produce more of the items needed by Europe than they otherwise would have produced. They have acquired a strong, vested interest in the continuation of foreign aid.

WHAT is to happen to these U. S. industries and farmers who have grown to rely on this artificial market, when foreign aid is cut off? How will it affect their workers? How will it affect the economies and the restless populations of the countries that have become dependent on American largesse? How will it affect the relations between their governments and ours and, even more important, between their governments and the Soviet Union?

Those are the questions that are confronting President Eisenhower's commission, in attempting to forecast the results of the proposed reduction and termination of foreign aid.

These problems, of course, were

foreseen by the experts in the State Department and other agencies of the Government, at the time the foreign aid programs were first proposed. The hope of the Truman-Acheson school of economists, who still dominate in the Federal Government, was and is that the foreign countries will be able to increase their exports to the United States to a level sufficient to pay, not only for the goods and services they are now buying from us, but also for the goods we are now *giving* them.

And the one thing on which all the experts agree is that this cannot be accomplished unless the United States Government abandons its policy of protecting American labor standards from the competition of cheap foreign wages. The great bulk of the imports now coming into the United States consists of goods that either are not produced here at all, or which have some superior quality over the competitive domestic product. But, particularly in the manufactured goods, there is an increasing portion that can be sold in the American market only because of the low wage rates paid by the foreign producers. It is around this type of goods that the fight will center.

A new tariff philosophy has developed in the United States, and it is particularly strong in the Government. That is, we should increase our imports to the maximum possible degree, partly for the purpose of maintaining our present level of ex-

ports (plus gifts), and partly for the purpose of raising living standards abroad. That is the crux of the so-called "trade, not aid" slogan.

What this means, should it be adopted, is that American tariffs, already the lowest of any major trading nation in the world, will be even further reduced. The "Buy American" act, which compels the Federal Government to give preference to domestic products in its purchasing for defense and civilian purposes, will be drastically modified or repealed. Special aids will be developed to assist foreign manufacturers to invade the U. S. market.

Thus, it would enable the manufacturers and farmers now dependent on aid programs for a large share of their sales, to continue relatively large export volumes. It would enable the foreign countries, theoretically, to earn the dollars they need to increase their living standards, by buying more American goods.

And it would ruin scores of American industries that are particularly vulnerable to foreign low-wage competition!

The argument advanced by the free-trade theorists is that we should sell abroad those articles which we can turn out the most inexpensively through mass-production methods, and buy from abroad those things that can be produced most cheaply by low-wage labor. The workers displaced in the industries forced out of business, the argument con-

tinues, would soon find jobs in the mass production industries, through increased sales of those products abroad. The Government might have to undertake new multi-million-dollar programs to retain those workers and care for their families until new jobs are found, but in the end, the free-traders claim, everybody would benefit from cheaper goods.

One catch to this argument is that the foreign countries will not allow our manufacturers to sell mass-produced goods in their markets, if similar goods can be produced locally. They rely not on the tariff, which is now regarded as an obsolescent method of protection. They simply employ an outright embargo, or quota. European countries today have embargoes against thousands of American mass-produced items.

AND so the battle lines are forming for a full-scale war on the tariff issue. On one side will be the large manufacturers and farmers interested in maintaining their foreign markets, and the convinced free-traders of the Department of State and other government agencies. On the other side will be thousands of small (and a few large) manufacturers, and farmers who are fearful of increased foreign competition.

And in the middle — at least at the outset — will be millions of average perplexed Americans, who will wonder what all the shooting is about.

The Art of Back-Fencing

BY SANDIE STEVENS

IT is generally agreed that a neighbor is anyone living close enough to borrow your lawnmower, but too far away to return it. It is also agreed that it is wise to be always on the lookout for new ways to improve neighborhood relationships.

Neighbor, as you already know, stems from the word, *neigh*, which means to scoff or sneer, and *bor*, more precisely spelled *bore*, which is, of course, self-explanatory. It is well to take this into consideration when dealing with this particular species.

One pleasant way of establishing promising relationships with any new neighbor is to borrow his electric shaver and possibly his radio and then fail to return them. This will enable him to call on you under the pretext of getting them back.

Always feel free to make frequent use of his telephone. This friendly gesture will be an easy entrée into his parlor and will give you ample opportunity to see what is transpiring within his family circle. It

also gives you the chance to pass the time of day with him and his family and will, therefore, keep him from feeling neglected.

Be generous with your advice. Let him know where he should plant the Acacia tree, the Delphiniums, and the clotheslines without his having to ask you. This will furnish him proof that you are truly interested in his affairs. Should you find him engaged in planting grass or in cementing his back walk, don't hesitate to offer friendly supervision. Let your experience or lack of it be available to him. It will prevent him from making similar errors and will allow him to concentrate on new ones.

It won't cost you a thing, and yet it's a kind gesture on your part to refer any salesmen that stop by your house on to your neighbor's. Let the salesman know when you feel sure the lady of the house is in; after all, she may be taking a shower and, therefore, might not have heard him ring.

If at all possible, agree to divide a small plot of land with your

neighbors . . . perhaps the front parkway lying between the two houses. It will be up to you to suggest this joint venture, since it will probably not occur to him. It is, consequently, your responsibility to suggest the type of flowers to be planted in this plot. Then in a sudden burst of generosity — and this is important — allow him the joy of planting the entire area. It will work off his sagging bay window, tire him out so that he'll enjoy a wonderful night's sleep, and give him a roaring appetite.

It is of particular importance never to refuse any refreshments the hostess may offer, and it is wise to suggest refreshments in case she is reluctant to serve them. It is, perhaps, mere shyness on her part, and by your insistence you illustrate your sincere appreciation of her culinary artistry. This will make you a truly astounding individual in her eyes.

When you manage to be up and about early some Sunday, or every Sunday if you can manage it, run the lawnmower under your neighbors' bedroom window. Perhaps they've overslept, and you can be their merry alarm clock. You wouldn't want them missing out on the joys of this bright, sunny morning. Should their bedroom window not be handy, you could, possibly, throw your tin cans from a slight distance into a large trash box. This makes a racket which is

sure to awaken the heaviest sleepers.

Your wife should be made to understand that she is to take an active part in establishing better relationships. Teach her to pay a sociable call as soon as she's able to get out of the house. It is the early call before the neighbor has had time to straighten the house, and make the beds, and do the dishes, which allows the two women to let their hair down early in the game. It is a sure guarantee that things will remain lively.

When the wife is unable to make it, the children are a fine substitute, especially if you have trained your children to be talkative and to make themselves at home among strangers. The children can ask questions and keep you posted on what is transpiring in your absence. There is no earthly reason why you shouldn't learn to share the joys of your parenthood with your friends next door, particularly if they don't have any children of their own. Maybe they don't like them; it's up to you to teach them to like them.

If, however, after trying out all these suggestions, you find your neighbors responding toward you with a cold nod, avoiding meeting you over the back fence, carefully skirting your yard, locking the door against your children, try not to be too perturbed. Try to bear in mind that you have done your utmost in establishing the only lasting harmonious relationship . . . and that you have succeeded.



WOODEN WARSHIPS ♦ ♦ ♦ ARE BACK AGAIN

By A. A. Hoebling

AT THE TURN of the century, a Long Island Sound skipper ordered a 60-foot, gasoline-powered yacht, daringly advanced for its time. It slept six, with a crew of two, and sported innovations such as buzzers. Not even suspected then but most significant of all, the \$10,000 this boat cost was also launching a young designer who would revolutionize naval construction — by turning back the clock.

Alfred E. Luders, a spry, 75-year-old marine architect and shipbuilder, has parlayed that first order into a multi-million-dollar enterprise in Stamford, Connecticut. A virtuoso of most everything that floats, his sleek racing boats can be found wherever there's a yacht club. Now he is bringing back the wooden men-of-war.

With \$1,000 capital and no other assets, not even a shipyard, Luders won his initial contract "by gabbing enough to talk the bolts off an iron bridge!" Today he has by no means lost that art, but he possesses an additional quality not common to all talkers. He delivers.

Together with his son Bill, he has taken an ancient art, sprinkled it liberally with modern methods, and come up with a fighting auxiliary craft that has even the admirals gaping.

At the Luders Marine Construction Company, they are building an initial order of seven 173-foot laminated-wood minesweepers, the largest and most advanced of their class ever constructed. These vessels, of which the *U. S. S. Aggressive* is the first, are non-magnetic, water-

borne answers to the electronic-atomic age, and are filled with secret devices. As an indication of the value the United States Navy places upon their timbered hulls, they will become the first minesweepers to have other, smaller sweepers clear channels for them — primarily to collect old-fashioned “horned” mines.

“Bill proved to the admirals,” says his father, “that laminated construction is as strong as steel, much lighter and just as durable. Besides, it was just what they were looking for: non-ferrous, it would laugh at magnetic mines!”

Revolutionary in concept, if not in basic material, these wooden warships have presented constant problems in design from the beginning. The first problem, after signing of the Navy contract, was labor. Where to find the gray-heads, wise in a salty art dating back to the Phoenicians? From Maine to the Carolinas, the call went out for boat-builders, shipcarpenters and joiners.

Riveting and arc-welding were alien here. Old-timers with callused hands and a kinship for the briny deep, who could wield the broadaxe and the adze, were courted again — just as they were when an infant nation decided it needed fighting ships like *Old Ironsides*.

ONE of Luders' best builders, well past 80, recently retired. Mainstay of the force are several skilled shipworkers between 75 and 80.

Pride in their work is reflected at launchings, when they bring their families down to the ways to boast, “I made it!”

The oak of which these minesweepers are constructed started growing a decade before the Civil War. Luders wishes he could resurrect several hundred shipwrights of the same vintage, to add to his present force of 500 men. “In no time at all,” he allows, “with scarcely any additional training, they would be on the production line.”

Glue and bronze nails are all that hold the *Aggressive*-class minesweepers together. Any steel here would be as unwelcome as a cat at the Westminster Kennel Show. Altogether, these mighty minesweepers bear scant resemblance to their forebears.

In World War I, small wooden subchasers performed feats of daring, including fast inshore raids. They comprised the famed “Splinter Fleet.” In World War II, the Navy launched some 3,000 wooden ships, from PT's to landing craft. Today, the Navy has some 1,500 wooden auxiliaries of all types on the ways or in final blueprint. But the man whose laminated ships are heading the program might never have been “on deck” at all. His career, had fate taken another tack, might just as logically have been in the German Navy.

Luders' mother, a St. Louis beauty, went to Europe as a young woman to study music. In Stuttgart,

she met a young German naval officer — Alfred von Tirpitz. For a time it looked as though von Tirpitz, who as Admiral of the Fleet was to initiate the submarine campaign in World War I, would win her hand.

"My mother returned to the States still single," Luders recalls. "Otherwise I might have been a U-boat skipper instead of a Stamford shipbuilder!"

Luders, raised in New York City, studied naval architecture at the University of Glasgow. Subsequently he sought to imbue his son with his own zest for the sea and ships. At seven, such terms as "jibe," "reef," "gunwales" and "tiller" were a part of Bill's juvenile vocabulary. At sixteen, he won his first sailing championship on Long Island Sound, and since that time has accumulated enough trophies to line several mantels.

The destinies of the Luders firm are piloted from a unique paneled room jutting out onto a pier. With relics of the sea tacked upon the walls, it is all the more tantalizing for Luders to look out over the harbor, past promontories and lighthouse, and wish he could continue on his vessels beyond the shipyard, sharing their fortunes.

It is a rugged but essential role that these sweeps have filled in Korea. No one can appreciate more than Luders the Navy accounts of action, such as this one off Wonsan;

The sweeper group altered course

to the left to pass between two islands and entered unswept waters. Then it happened. Two horned mines — their cables severed by sweeping gear — bobbed to the surface astern of *Pirate*. Then four more bobbed up. *Pledge*, maneuvering through the field, cut three more. *Incredible*, also in the thick of things, cut another four.

The 'copter then reported another large cabbage patch [minefield] ahead. Soon after this, the sea beneath *Pirate* boiled up, engulfing her in a mass of spray. In less than a minute she went down.

Pledge stopped and lowered her boat to pick up survivors from her sister ship. To add to the confusion, previously undetected shore batteries began firing on the struggling swimmers. *Pledge* opened up with her three-incher. In turn, the shore guns shifted their fire from the men in the water to *Pledge*.

While all this was happening, thirteen loose mines were floating on the surface; no telling how many still-moored mines lurked beneath. Within minutes, *Pledge* struck one of them and went down. Altogether, there were more than ninety casualties from the two ships, including twelve who went to their death with their ships . . .

But the men at Luders can see beyond such battle reports. They know that only non-magnetic wooden ships like the ones they make could have entered the minefields undetected. And the lives and ships lost in these operations cleared the way for the battlewagons that carried the war to the enemy shore.



IS WAR INEVITABLE?

BY WALTER M. HAUSHALTER, LL.D.

Rector, Church of St. Luke and The Epiphany (Episcopal), Philadelphia

As a starry-eyed boy groping his way in this strange and contradictory world, I got for myself my first lusty and disillusioning jolt on the subject of war and peace. It occurred a very brief time, mark you, before the First World War. Some benevolent ladies' society in my community persuaded me against my will to enter an oratorical contest. Once in, I did my best and delivered a speech on "Perpetual Peace."

The profound argument was two-fold. First, I proved the world would never be cursed with another war because the Great Powers of Europe and America had enormous armies and navies that would check-mate and stall us into everlasting peace. The second proof was still more impressive. The nations of the West were Christian, had Christian rulers and vast Christian populations, and Christianity was so

powerful that war was unthinkable. The conclusion was neat, idealistic and logical. And never forget that logic is the sure and certain fortress of the idealist. Once a thing becomes logical, that concludes the matter.

There must have been an incontestable brilliance to the subject, for my oratory that day, just before the boom of the guns of the First World War, won for me first place and the judges' gold medal.

I have had a long time to think over this boyhood incident, and I have come to conclude that if I can find the names of the judges, and if they were not killed in the First World War, I will send the gold medal back to them. Obviously, what I should have argued was that big armies and navies were provocations to war, which we could expect any day. Also I should have said that Christianity

was too weak to hold back angry forces of greed and lust for power. But such logic would have gotten me no smiles and surely no medal. The philosophy of those days was an eclectic blend of love-sick excelsiorism, nostalgia, and a rampant, quixotic, happy-go-lucky idealism. Herbert Spencer had pictured humanity mounting skyward on a spiral to "inevitable evolutionary perfection," and Rousseau had demonstrated the "unlimited perfectibility of the divine nature of man." I was one of the innocent victims of that Don Quixotic, shallow, unrealistic Pollyanna-ism of the early days of our century. When I recall winning the gold medal on Everlasting Peace, I solemnly meditate on Emerson's observation that "eloquence is the harlot of the arts."

MY SECOND rude shock on this conflict of idealistic and realistic peace, if I may continue autobiographically, came at the end of the First World War. Under the leadership of a college professor, a dreamy idealist by the name of Woodrow Wilson, millions of supposedly rational people in an otherwise sensible nation actually believed that they were conducting a "war to end war." With Armistice Day of 1918 the curtain was to be rung down on the unending fratricidal strife that had afflicted humanity.

How any great nation that had fought all sorts of wars to conquer a continent could have been deluded

into such an obscurantist trap is beyond comprehension. Certainly none of our Allies, who undeviatingly came up knowing what the game is about, ever believed such gosling ideology. But we believed it, and seriously. Then after the Pact of Paris came twenty years of jittery peace, and then the explosion of the Second World War. But not content with one delusion, chasers of moonbeams stepped up to San Francisco and the United Nations, with the calm assurance that "Now, again, we have the cemented and guaranteed end of all war, and sweet, luscious, everlasting peace."

These philosophies, Idealism and Realism, which stem respectively from Plato and Aristotle, have conducted a cosmic, planetary battle for over two thousand years for possession of the human mind. Idealists such as Plato, Aurelius, Plotinus, Browning, Emerson, poets and dreamers and romanticists, have peppered us no end with assurances that we can trust Man, who is predominantly a nice, benign fellow. And the Realists such as Aristotle, Paul, Schopenhauer, Mark Twain, anthropologists and criminologists, have equally peppered us with warnings against Man, whose chief games are quite bad. Idealism and Realism are diametrically at odds and always headed for conflict. It is significant that in the history of the Church, Thomas Aquinas finally recalled Christianity from vagrant, varied and vague idealisms, to the

philosophy of Aristotle; and Pope Leo XIII declared Thomas Aquinas "the norm of Catholic thinking." Aquinas wanted the Church to have its head in the Platonic blue sky, but its feet, thank you, on the Aristotelian earth.

The Western world, especially the Anglo-Saxon sector, has been the favorite tramping ground for all sorts and varieties of idealisms; some of them genuine, and most of them spurious. Particularly in those areas where Romanticism and its friend and ally, Humanism, have prevailed, we have had idealisms of unbelievable audacity and folly. Now it will be social idealisms that run to Communistic experiments in defiance of the simplest facts of life. Again, it will be political idealisms that chatter about all men being created free and equal, thereby catapulting us into delusive pitfalls. Or it will be international idealisms warbling about all men desiring peace and generalizing about wars being the contrivance of a few evil men. And here is where realists of the type of Santayana tear their hair: out of sheer gossamer dreams the idealist assumes that ideas and ideals, because they embody and project what ethically *ought* to be, therefore do actually exist as *realities*!

SINCE the Christian religion has done much to sway the mind of mankind in the West the question inevitably confronts us, Is Chris-

tianity idealism or realism? This question must be answered if any safe conclusion is ever to be reached on the subject of war and peace.

Without hesitation or reservation we assert that authentic Christianity, in origin and in history, is starkest Realism. Christianity knows what is in Man, loves him and pities him, discredits the absurdity that man has any dependable good or perfectibility in himself. Christianity asserts that Man, left to himself in the jungle, or left to himself in a world of science, culture, knowledge and power, will by himself and of himself, make a complete mess of the human picture. Christianity only has faith in Man or any of his achievements, including all current political contraptions for peace, in so far as they are brought to God through the God-Man. Everything else is out the window.

Christianity — that is, authentic and not counterfeit Christianity — has no sympathy with the shallow proposal that after thousands of years of primordial chaos and literally unending war and wars, you can suddenly achieve Perpetual Peace through a political contraption of the dubious nature of the United Nations. The Lord, who surely wished it might be otherwise, declared there would be "wars and rumors of war" until the curtain was rung down on the final scene. The statement was sharp, decisive, and unequivocal. A lot more could be added clear through to the end

of the Revelation. After nineteen hundred years of dealings with humanity, Christianity where it is authentic still holds to the realistic ideas of its Founder and its Origin as to the wolf-like character of this world and all its trappings.

NEXT to the Founder of Christianity, Paul as its greatest interpreter was incontestably a political, social realist. He was beaten with rods and whips, mobbed, slandered and maligned, dogged from city to city, and finally sentenced to death by a government symbolized by the name of Nero. Paul had little or nothing good to say about mankind in the raw. The natural man knows not God and cannot know Him. The natural man talks back to God, hates God, is anti-social, lawless, willful, and a supreme dupe of follies and shams. Paul never shows the slightest leaning to the idealistic delusions that have misled our moderns. He is a realist with all the dark shadings of a Jeremiah, a Dostoevsky, or a Mark Twain. And nowhere in the New Testament is there the slightest hint that peace will come to the warlike world by any political contraption or ingenuity of the human mind. This is an inevitable conclusion: Christianity at its genuine source is stark, terrible realism, especially as relates to the unending periodicity of war.

Christianity does have a powerful rationale of Perpetual Peace. Its

thesis has been set forth for nineteen hundred years, but has been clouded by the recent Age of Secularism. Amazingly, in sectors of the Church given over to Liberal Humanism, the Christian proposal for everlasting peace has been swapped for a short cut, a political contrivance, the United Nations. Many churchmen of the Leftist persuasion now actually trumpet the idea that God so loved the world that He gave us the United Nations, that whosoever believeth in that shall have eternal life. This, despite the fact that the United Nations at present tolerates criminal members at civil war with the rest. Christianity's proposal for everlasting peace has been at work for nineteen hundred years, and it presents an arduous program for thousands of years ahead. It is nothing less than the conquest of the world for Christianity, changing humanity into the Family of God through redemption, and making the world the Kingdom of God.

Little wonder the Modernists crave the United Nations as a short cut, for the regenerative program given by Christ has hard work cut out for it for some thousands of years ahead.

Standing recently before the Kremlin in Red Square, the true path to real peace struck me so hard I found myself talking out loud. As I looked at the vast walls of the Kremlin I spoke aloud to myself: "When the anti-God dictators behind those gates are converted to

Christianity — if, as and when — we shall not need to spend eighty billion a year for peace. Why isn't the Christian world sending missionaries to the Kremlin?"

There it is in stark and shocking simplicity. Genuine Christianity will hope for the Christianizing of the United Nations, but will not place any confidence for peace in any political contraption. Liberal Humanists had better abandon the political short cut, and address themselves as former generations did to the arduous, long-road-ahead task of the conquest of this warlike world by the God-Man.

CHRISTIANITY, more than any other religion, has looked history realistically and fearlessly in the face and will agree with the most dismal of the anthropologists concerning the age-old and unrelenting periodicity of war.

We are very slightly changed, from
the semi-apes who ranged,
India's prehistoric clay.

Whoso drew the longest bow, cut
his brother down you know,
As we cut men down today.

As it was in the beginning, is today's
official sinning,
And shall be evermore.

Thus the artless songs I sing, do not
deal with anything
New or never said before.

As it was in the beginning, is today's
official sinning,
And shall be evermore.

This melancholy Kiplingesque re-

frain, which sets forth the Hegelian insight into the unending dialectic of rival thesis and anti-thesis, voices a situation and a concern that was known to the Church long, long centuries before Kipling or Hegel.

Long before Hobbes told us that "war is the natural state of mankind," Christianity pronounced the same in its councils, and acted upon it without fear. Christianity does have a hope of peace, solid and substantial. It is the long, slow, painful, arduous process of producing a Kingdom of God. And since Christianity is not based on superficial humanisms and idealisms, it will not be dismayed by the next outbreak, or the next dozen outbreaks, in this age-old periodicity of war. The Christian forces have seen the very gradual expansion of their supernatural state, making considerable progress in nineteen centuries, and they believe in their final victory. Christianity believes in the power of the God-Man to subdue the natural man and finally blend him into the supernatural state of peace. Christianity is glad and hopeful and looks far, far, far ahead. The first nineteen centuries have been fairly good considering the obdurate nature of man, his stupidity, ignorance and perverseness. The next hundred centuries ought to be progressively better.

This hope can be realized if Christians will go beyond all the political contraptions and lend themselves to their real spiritual task.

Power from Wind

BY J. H. W. KERSTON

A LARGE number of hydro-electric power sites have been developed in the industrial sections of the United States, but other sections of the country, like the great plains area between the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains, are relatively deficient in hydro sites and are not favored with large fuel resources for steam generation. These areas, however, have fairly constant winds of high average velocity.

Wind power is more universal than water, and its use requires only a simple type of mechanism. Scientific progress, development of our great inter-connected power systems, and the lessons learned in producing airplanes, have brought economical electric-power generation from wind within our grasp.

Progress already made in the commercial use of wind is best shown by the Grandpa's Knob wind turbine on a mountain ridge a few miles west of Rutland, Vermont. Mounted on a steel tower, 110 feet high, are a wind turbine and its electric generator. Able to turn in any direction to face the wind, the whole revolving structure weighs nearly 250 tons. Two blades, weighing $7\frac{1}{2}$ tons each, sweep around a circle 175 feet in diameter, and with favorable wind are capable of delivering in excess of 1000 kilowatts. This installation is notable not only on account of its size, but because it

delivers electric power regularly into utility lines, something never before accomplished.

Previous to the Grandpa's Knob installation, windmills were of small capacity and restricted application, and expensive compared to steam and hydro generating units. They were operated as isolated units and were unreliable, because the wind is intermittent. Also, the speed and voltage of wind-driven generators varied.

Builders of the equipment were not familiar with best design practices or the wind's behavior, and they generally believed that wind power could not be developed on a large scale. Further, practical utilization of wind-generated electric energy, considered in competition with present sources of wholesale power, depends in large measure on an inter-connected utility network with hydro-electric storage being available to pick up the load when the wind fails temporarily.

Use of the wind for power requires a detailed knowledge of the wind's action on turbine blades. Studies incidental to the development of the airplane have developed this knowledge. Other difficulties such as wind intermittency, varying turbine speeds, and unit sizes can be readily solved now that the aerodynamic problems are understood.



"I should say mine is a hardship case. I can't get Channel 4!"



Why Americans Can't Win at Marathoning

By CLARENCE H. DEMAR

SINCE the great victory of "Milk-man" Smith in 1942, the only American to win the famous Boston Marathon has been Johnny Kelley of West Acton, Massachusetts. The gruelling foot-race — always run over the same 26-mile, 385-yard distance traveled between Marathon and Athens in 490 B.C. by the prototype runner who carried news of battle victory — has been won by Greeks. Perhaps that is a matter of tradition. But it has also been won by Canadians, Koreans, Swedes, Finns, Guatemalans, and Japanese. What's wrong with the Americans?

In the Olympics, our marathon record is even less respectable. Since Johnny Hayes won in 1908 on a fluke, only in 1912 and 1924, when Gaston Strobino and the writer put the flag up for third, have Americans had even a peek at world honors in the great endurance test.

We have the men, the interest, the

enthusiasm and the technique. What, then, do we lack as a nation which makes us take a back seat in a sport which we were one of the first to boost after its modern inception in 1896 at Athens?

In the first place, the excuse of the elder and great Johnny Kelley — that the foreigners do not have to work as hard as he and I do because of government subsidy and their semi-professional status — can be speedily dismissed.

Both Johnny and I have had long vacations with no work before big races, and I have never seen that it improved our running one bit. Usually, one reasonable job keeps one's mind off the race and enables him to do much better. Also, a man who is working has less time to over-eat.

If lack of government subsidy is not the reason for the back seat which American marathoners have to take, a little study may throw

some light on the matter. For one thing we are a "gadgety" nation. In everything from fancy can-openers to automobiles we are tops. We have more patents on gadgets than all the rest of the world together.

This love of gadgets is very plain. Most young couples get an auto before they do a baby. And would not a high school senior rather have a jalopy than cross-country honors?

If some device could be invented to hitch on the running shoes and make a mechanical thing of marathoning, it might arouse interest and make for American success.

IN THE second place, Americans have much more money than any other nation and are very proud to compare earnings. Money has come to mean so much in this country that the first thing a sports winner will have fired at him is apt to be, "What do you get out of it?" When I was much younger, that heckling question used to bother me very much. Now I know that if one works a full week at regular pay and chooses a marathon for extra curricular stunts, it is beside the point to heckle him about his financial profits. I very much liked the remark attributed to Yamada, the Japanese, after a great victory: "I do not expect to get anything out of the win except a celebration, and will be very glad to go back to my regular job as soon as I get back."

But with the pressure on all sides from fans, friends and even fellow

workmen to "get something out of all that publicity," it is not surprising that prospective champions leave marathoning and take up some more profitable work.

And if Americans by their pressure on the money angle cause runners to lose their joy in the contest and seek more money, what do they do after they have obtained this golden god? In the first place, money gives them the wherewithall to buy more gadgets and become even less interested in personal effort. And it also provides more food. This doesn't make for champion marathoners. As someone remarked about Yamada, "He looks half-starved."

But the greatest hindrance to our countrymen becoming champions at this endurance game requiring great stamina is the inherent arrogance and pride of our great people. Were we not founded by the bolder and more aggressive ones who were proud to kill and rob Indians and Spaniards? And did they not hang Quakers who believed in the inner strength of the individual and not in the pressure of the powerful? With that heritage, is it surprising that we are so much opposed to the inner strength necessary for one on the long grind of the marathon?

But these are all lessons I hope will be learned by any American boy or man, should he overcome the national love of gadgets, money and food and develop his inner strength enough to become a really great marathoner.

Mary Mundt's Mite

BY ELIZABETH CHURCHILL

IF YOU were a fragile little female of five feet two, and you found yourself on a lonely highway after midnight with the temperature hovering around zero, and you had two flat tires, each with a nail driven in it; if you were an ardent Republican and you found your car all stuck up with FDR stickers, and victory seemed far away, what would you do? Burst into tears? Fold up your caravan and join the New Dealers? Or just quit?

This was the situation of Mary Mundt, wife of Karl Mundt, the senior Senator from South Dakota. Only Karl was not yet in politics, the place was Highway 12, and the year was 1936.

It all began that afternoon after Mary had made one of her first political speeches before a small group of Republican ladies. She had started down the street sighing with relief that her speech was over with, when her relaxed feeling was rudely interrupted by a poster in a store window. It called on one and all to

come to a big Republican rally that very night to hear a speech by Mrs. Karl Mundt! It seemed that everything had been attended to in regard to this gathering — except an invitation to the speaker.

Having neglected to learn how to back out of a door, she walked through this one. As she proceeded onto the speaker's platform with her knees knocking together like castanets, she hoped she could electrify her audience with the same finesse as FDR. Mr. Roosevelt had recently chided the Republicans for their insistence that he govern the nation according to the Constitution. He had said, "You can't eat the Constitution."

Mary remembered that. She began her speech with a sharp reply to the President: "I agree you can't eat the Constitution," she said, "but neither can you eat your marriage license." It brought down the house.

As she left the auditorium to walk to her car for the long and lonely trip home, she overheard two men

talking: "I fixed the tires, all right," one of them said. It was no concern of Mary's. But on arriving where her car was parked she found that all the pretty Landon sunflowers she'd pasted on it were covered with FDR stickers. No matter, it was midnight and she was in a hurry to get home.

Two or three miles out of town the "fixed tires" introduced themselves and the car came to a slow, plopping stop.

Now, the extent of Mary's swearing reaches its zenith with "Oh dear!" and that is what she said. She stepped out of her deflated car and angrily trudged back to town, her small toes nipped by the cold and her eyes blinking away the snowflakes. Maybe she hadn't thought of it in just that way, but Mary Mundt had "just begun to fight." It was the beginning of a long, if not bloody, battle between herself and the New Dealers.

THE mild soul of Mary Mundt, which is always reflected in her large and very blue eyes, is in continuous conflict with her stubborn determination to fight for what she believes is right. She never deviates or compromises. The word *expediency* is not found in her vocabulary. She believes that politics is an honest profession and that husband Karl is an example to prove it. Although the role of being the wife of a Senator or Congressman opens the doors of all Washington's famous

salons to her, she has never entered into the social life of the Capital. Not that she is unsociable, but because she hasn't the time.

When Karl Mundt was a member of the House, most of her evenings were spent working in his office because there was more work than the staff could handle. She was never on the government payroll; it was simply her job as a wife. She has never gone abroad with him on Congressional "junkets," since she thinks that this would be using the taxpayers' money in a wrong way.

As a Senator, Karl Mundt now has a larger office staff and it is not necessary for his wife to pinch hit any longer. But still, the favorite pastime of Washington ladies in the afternoon — playing Canasta — never has found a recruit in Mary. Her time is consumed in listening to the Congressional committee hearings, or visiting the House and Senate galleries during important debates. The constant flow of South Dakota constituents keeps her busy also, and she is an expert at making their Washington visits pleasant. Keeping house for herself and husband (she has no maid) takes up the remaining time.

The rigorous political life of the Mundts does not mean they attend no social functions. There are many official receptions and banquets that are a "must" on any legislator's calendar. But also there are the small, intimate gatherings, never reported in the society pages, which

bring together people vitally interested in politics and the issues confronting the nation. At these small get-togethers, where butlers and caviar are conspicuous by their absence, and the hostess may often be the cook, some of the nation's most important business is done.

It was at one of these gatherings that Mary Mundt, with her gentle voice, her obvious sincerity, plus her complete knowledge of the situation, made an important maneuver for the state of South Dakota. Karl was absent because of a late Senate session. She was seated next to the Postmaster General, Arthur Summerfield of Michigan. Making social chitchat the Postmaster asked, "How's Karl?" It was the key question.

"Like everybody in South Dakota," she replied wistfully, "he's down in the dumps and hardly fit to live with, all because your fellow Michigander, Mr. Dodge, didn't recommend any budget funds for our Oahe Dam."

She was referring to Joseph Dodge, the Budget Director.

Mr. Summerfield showed a spark of sympathetic interest. Like the fisherman's dream, Mary had a "tight line." She explained that the Government had already spent 16 million dollars on the Oahe Dam, and that to stop work on the project would not only hamper the farmers of South Dakota, but in the event of another flood, the entire investment might be lost.

Mr. Summerfield thought Mary's argument made good sense. "Tell Karl to give me the facts and figures on Oahe and I'll talk to Joe Dodge. He's a good friend of mine."

Mary did, Karl did, Summerfield did, and so did Joe Dodge. South Dakota got its needed \$8,250,000, and work on the dam continued.

MARY MUNDT's business is Karl Mundt, South Dakota, and the Republican Party, in that order. As a member of the House during the 80th Congress, Congressman Mundt was acting chairman of the Un-American Activities Committee which exposed Alger Hiss. It was he who brought Whittaker Chambers into the hearings.

Alger Hiss made his first of a long series of mistakes when he demanded a hearing by the committee. Hiss was convincing to all those who wanted to be convinced, and successfully planted a doubt in the minds of the committee members. That night at dinner, Karl asked his wife what she thought about Hiss. "He's guilty," was her didactic and unhesitating answer.

"What makes you think so?" her husband asked.

"He protested too much, and he never gave a 'yes' or 'no' answer," said Mary.

The Hiss case marked the beginning of Karl's fight against the Communists, and the endless threats to his life and home. From that time until this writing, hardly a week

passes that letters and telephone calls are not received with a variety of threats and insults. During the Hiss investigations, Communists picketed the Capitol and brought coffins with dummies of Mundt and Nixon which they tried, unsuccessfully, to hang from the Capitol Dome. On many occasions the Mundt's apartment house was picketed by jeering Communists. But Mary didn't complain. It isn't that she is not frightened by this sort of thing. She just philosophizes, "What is there to do about it?"

AMONG Karl's former activities, he taught public speaking, and Mary became an apt pupil. She began speaking wherever she could persuade four or five to listen. Now she averages at least forty speeches a year, plumping the state for local politicians, and sometimes going to other states to help their candidates.

Perhaps her most memorable speaking engagement occurred during the Dewey campaign of 1948, when Karl was a Congressman and running for the Senate. He was scheduled to make an important speech in a key South Dakota city. During the afternoon preceding the event, he was suddenly called to Syracuse, N. Y., for a conference with the presidential candidate. It was up to Mary to make the all-important address.

At the appointed hour, Mary drove to the auditorium, composing her speech as she went. As her car

drove up, a large delegation of prominent South Dakota Republicans greeted her with obvious dismay.

"Where's Karl!" they chorused.

"He's gone to Syracuse," replied the gentle lady.

"But what will we do!" they almost shouted, "We have no speaker!"

"I'll speak," said Mary.

Standing before the large audience, Mary felt a real sympathy for these people who had expected to hear the Senatorial candidate. She sealed an instantaneous bond with them when she began her speech by saying that in the great city of Washington, it was a standing joke that there wasn't anyone lower than a Congressman.

"I disagree with this tenet," she said. "From personal experience I can tell you that a Congressman's wife is lower than a Congressman."

She had the audience in the palm of her hand.

This year's campaign will find Mary Mundt, the Senator's wife, following her usual pattern, driving alone, early in the day and late at night, preaching the Republican gospel. Only this time she will be campaigning for the re-election of her husband. If anyone wants to paste ADA stickers on her car, that will be all right. Discouragement comes hard to Mary. Like a hummingbird, she makes up for her size in speed, and if right makes might, she is the greatest asset Senator Mundt has.



The Scotch Damn-Yankee

BY DIANA BOETTCHER



FOR a year I had been teaching in the bayou country of southern Louisiana. Now I was being taken on a visit to his home by Jacques Lafitte, familiarly known as Toe-Toe because one big toe was longer than the other.

Toe-Toe's brown, well-muscled little back bent over the oars and his dark Creole face shone with anticipation. "That gumbo mama mak' for us, she gonna be bes' you ever taste."

Mama Lafitte met us at the houseboat door. She was a handsome woman with black hair almost covered with a red bandanna. She wore a double strand of quite expensive pearls, diamond earrings, and a well-made black silk dress. She also wore saddle shoes and red anklets.

Papa stood beside her, a black-eyed, black-haired man, remarkably young looking for his sixty years.

Beside them in a formal reception line at the door of the houseboat stood the rest of the family. There was Great-Aunt Toisette, Grand-père Jacques, five young Lafittes of varying ages, and swinging from his cage, a parrot who continuously screamed, "Billy! Hist the riggin!"

There were eleven of us at the long pine table. Papa said the blessing in a mixture of French and English and everybody made the Sign of the Cross.

First into our plates went a spoonful of fil'e powder, then a small mountain of rice, each grain separate, dry and fluffy. Then with a huge iron ladle, Mama put the gumbo on top of the rice. There were small pieces of perfectly cooked chicken, oysters just big enough to swallow whole, fresh shrimp, dry shrimp, and some tiny tomatoes miraculously cooked whole.

After dinner Papa Lafitte brought out his fiddle. Uncomfortable in his store shoes, donned for the occasion, he kicked them off and his big foot, in a cotton sock with a hole in the toe, tapped out the rhythm of his melodies:

*May fish have legs
And cows lay eggs
If ever I cease to love —*

Great-Aunt Toisette kept time with a crochet needle on the arm of her rocker. Grandpère tapped it out with his worn, red-felt bedroom slippers.

Barefoot around the table and in and out among the chairs the five Lafitte children danced and sang, sometimes in English, sometimes in French as papa played:

Go to sleep, my son, crab is in the shell.

In French, the children echoed:

*Fe dodo, mo file, crab dans calalou
Papa, li couri la riviere
Maman li couri pêche crab*

WITH the Creole sense of the dramatic, the Lafittes had saved what they regarded as their greatest distinction. Now proudly they called up Nita, the oldest daughter.

The sweat popped out on Papa's forehead. Mama's black eyes warned the children this was a moment for silence. Then high and clear, like a call through the ages, came the Scottish song, *The March of the Cameron Men*.

Proudly Nita advanced toward a cleared space on the houseboat floor. With everyone else, I watched enthralled as she perfectly executed the intricate steps of the Highland Fling.

"Why, she does it like a real Scotch girl!" I marveled. "How on earth did she learn?"

"One winter a damn-Yankee come here and ask to board," Mama said, using the words "damn Yankee" as if they were one word. "He was a Scotch damn-Yankee out of a place called Glasgow. All winter I feed him an' he don' hunt or fish or he'p with nothing. Then in the spring he tells me he has no money to pay me and now he will be going north to some place where he has a job dancing the Highland Fling and making jokes in a show."

Mama nodded her head and all the other Lafittes nodded in agreement. "But me, I am not about to let any Yankee get the best of me. I make up the mind I mus' get something out of him, but all he has is know how to dance the Highland Fling. So I feed him two months more and he teaches Nita the Highland Fling."

Afterwards, young Jacques rowed me back across the bayou. The sun made scarlet paths on the water. Birds chirped soft nesting-time calls. Helping me out of the boat, Jacques had the proud manner of one who has entertained a guest royally. Obviously, he expected good grades from now on.

The Lost Voice

BY BEATRICE STONE

EACH TIME I strolled down the little road, jagged with old ruts and worn stones, I heard him there — indifferent to my presence, as though he were something smaller than I, like the flapping sound of a butterfly's wings. But the more I listened to his strange, new voice, I began to wonder if he weren't something much bigger than I.

When I first wandered down that country road, skipping the stones across the way, watching the puffy clouds loping over the blue, I was wondrously shocked to hear another being amid all this. But he was there. I was sure of it; for though I couldn't actually see him, I heard his voice clearly. It was a voice that threaded the needle of my loneliness, and began to sew inside of me a pattern of peace and childlike wonder. Sometimes the pattern was that of a crazy, gay patchwork quilt; sometimes that of an intricate, rare design woven in delicate lace.

For, you see, his voice changed with the days and the seasons. I never knew his age, for his voice possessed the fervor of youth, and the depth of aged wisdom. My eyes could hold a certain image of him no more than my ears. For he was robed, I believe, by a mother whose fancies were always changing.

At times I listened to him as a garment of mist and hush clung to him in the gray shadows, as the night quieted all else around him, giving sleep to the busy, brilliant colors of the day and the season. But he slept not in his sanctuary, and I heard a sound as sweet as silence.

One white day, mastered by the snow and glassy ice, his voice was low and rumbling in its concealment, throbbing with a steady flow of sound. This day he spoke in the voice of restlessness, of growth and desire, wishing to soar and tower, being suppressed under a staid world of finality. I could barely hear him, but he was never quieted.

The warm breezes and fluttering birds of young spring were sprightly enchanting this roadway when next I listened for his voice. But I heard it not, for I had grown up, as the world says. And I shall never again hear his ageless voice, nor imagine his wrinkled, youthful face. I shall see only what it is, a tiny creek, hovered over by tangled, witch-like trees, rooted in eroded steps of soil. I shall hear only the rippling, clear, and nameless water trickling by and between the unimportant, time-shaped stones to nowhere — and everywhere.



We Need a Doctor

CHAPARRAL CORNERS, a quiet farming and ranching town of 1,500 inhabitants, is bitter and discouraged. The mayor and the council and the committee of citizens selected to get a doctor for the community are about ready to give up.

"The government ought to do something about it," is the sentiment of more and more citizens who have become accustomed to take their troubles to their federal legislators.

"We've tried everything we can think of," the mayor told the mass meeting at the school auditorium. "We have built the clinic. We have remodeled the old Dockstadter house into a real nice home. The money for the X-ray machine and the operating table is in the bank, waiting for the doctor to pick out the kind he wants.

"The committee and I have been to the medical schools and to the medical society offices down at the capital, and we told them we would give all these things to the doctor to use, free, if he would come here.

"You all know how we have planned and what we have done. Well, it hasn't done any good. It looks like we aren't going to get our doctor."

By Calvin R. Starnes, Jr.

Multiply Chaparral Corners by a few thousand, as a conservative figure, and you will have an idea of the number of rural communities which need a doctor and don't have one. The patients are there. The medical facilities for rural practice are there. But the doctors won't come.

There are many rural communities scattered throughout the nation without full-time medical service. The men and women who live in these areas are forced to take their ill and injured anywhere from 15 to 50 miles for medical attention or hospitalization. And these people are tired of the situation. They can pay their own way and they resent being deprived of medical service.

They are good, decent, hard-working Americans; self-respecting and honorable; imbued with the principles of democracy. It doesn't strike them as democratic that they should be denied the advantages available to other Americans just because they grow the nation's food. There's not a socialist in ten thousand of them, but the inclination is

growing among them to seek redress from the Federal Government.

IF YOU said "socialized medicine" to them, they would not understand what you were talking about. Not because they are uninformed, but because the term is so nebulous it has no meaning for them. If you think "socialized medicine" means anything, try defining it. Isn't what you are saying really government-controlled medicine?

Now, there will be no brief for "socialized medicine" here. It is time, however, that the air be cleared a little of the bad words and name-calling which have come from doctors and from the disappointed citizens of doctorless areas.

First, the doctors ought to be reassured. Nobody is going to bundle up the out-coming crop of brand new M.D.'s and ship them to Tobacco Road areas. Nobody is going to force any physician to move away from a lucrative practice. In fact, all that has been recommended is that certain inducements be offered to doctors, with no penalties attached to refusing them. Legislators from sections suffering a doctor shortage have proposed that the Government help finance the extremely expensive medical education of voluntary acceptors. In return for this help, the students, when they become doctors, agree to serve in some rural community for a specified length of time.

Everything is open and above-

board and voluntary. One fellow puts up the money for an undertaking and the other agrees to do something in return for the money. That's all there is to it. But he doesn't do it for nothing; he gets paid the regular medical fees while he is paying, with service, his obligation to his fellow citizens who have been taxed to help him.

Does the Government intend to step in and run the schools in which its assisted students study? It does not. All that has been suggested is that the Government put up the money, which money shall be spent by doctors and the medical schools. All the Government asks is that in return for the money it is taking from all the people as taxes, communities without adequate medical service be provided with such service. The doctors themselves will work out the details.

Of course, the first thing you run into in discussing this problem with doctors is the medical situation in England. But it is a far cry from federal scholarships for medical students to government control of medicine in the English manner.

The doctors themselves are the first to concede that medical service is inadequate in many areas of the United States. They realize that hardship is being worked on citizens through no fault of their own. But they have not yet come up with a satisfactory solution to this problem. And the primary responsibility lies with the medical profession.

Even so, the fault is not entirely the doctors'. We all have a stake and an interest in the matter.

WHY won't young doctors settle in small communities? Is it money? Well, it's partly money. But there are other things of equal weight influencing a young physician's decision when he selects a place to live and work; and some of these things can be remedied by the communities themselves. The experience of a young doctor in a small Texas town may illustrate the point.

This doctor, call him Doctor Mark, was invited to move to the little, 1,500-population town where a clinic and a residence had been provided by the citizens. He was the only doctor there. The nearest large hospital was in the county seat, thirty miles away, and the nearest metropolitan medical center was seventy-five miles away. His patients would be drawn from a large area in which some 4,000 people lived. He liked the town. It was clean and neat and self-respecting. It had a motion picture theater, a good bank, prosperous stores and businesses. Above all, the people of the town were kindly and decent, the kind of people among whom he and his family would enjoy living. From his discussions with older doctors, Doctor Mark knew the proud position the physician holds in small towns; the reverence and honor in which he is held. He knew that the

small town physician is the only contact the people have with a trained scientist, and he knew the respect he would command.

It looked like an ideal situation. His income would never reach the level of a city specialist, but the advantages of living among friends and good neighbors, of being a force in his community, of being all the fine things implied in the term "family doctor," seemed more important to Doctor Mark. The scope of his work and the measure of his personal and professional responsibility would guarantee him a unique place in the life of his community.

And yet, after he had practiced for a year in the town, he packed up and moved away. Most of the citizens, when they thought the matter over, didn't blame him much.

What happened?

After the warm welcome and the novelty of having their own doctor had faded, the people fell into the error that has offended many a young physician; offended and hurt him beyond his desire to endure it. They brought Doctor Mark their children to be inoculated for smallpox and diphtheria. They called him when Johnny Russell fell out of the hayloft and broke his arm. He was summoned in the middle of the night when Mrs. Pflucker's baby threatened to arrive ahead of schedule (she had been consulting an obstetrician over in the county seat). And he had patched up the victims of a car wreck out on Highway 39.

But what about Mrs. Crum's chronic appendicitis? She went to the city to see one of Doctor Mark's classmates. And Old Man Sullivan's femoral hernia? Oh, he went to the county seat to an older physician. And the Shaw child's incipient hyperthyroidism? And Mrs. Krey's Caesarian section? And Mr. Durant's gastric ulcer? And Tom Ladd's diverticulitis? And Banker Sharp's heart condition? And Rancher Barret's high blood pressure?

Well, they went to the county seat or to the city. The young doctor was all right, they all agreed, until they got worried about themselves or got sick. And then they insulted his professional competence by going elsewhere.

IT is an understandable situation. It arises from a mistake in understanding, all right, but you can see how it happens. There is an entirely unsubstantiated conviction among many people that the big city doctor is professionally superior to the small town practitioner. Usually, this is simply not so. But many people believe it. There is a way in which this erroneous belief can be corrected, and it looks as though it is up to the medical profession to do it.

If the people of the small towns can be made to understand that the young doctor who comes to them is, by and large, just as competent, just as well-trained, just as scientifically qualified as any other doctor of comparable age and ex-

perience in the city, they may become willing to accept him more readily. One method by which the citizens can be brought to understand the competence of their new doctor is for the profession, working with the medical schools, to educate the public about the training a doctor gets.

A leaf might be taken from the Army's visual education series. Films can be prepared which will show the medical student's life from the time he qualifies for entrance into his professional school to the day when he hangs up his own shingle. This film can show the somewhat bewildered, earnest freshmen when they prepare to go into the dissecting rooms for the first time; it can show them at work in the biological chemistry laboratories; it can follow them through the microscopical anatomy course, through the neuro-anatomy course; it can present them in their physiology classes and laboratories.

Such a film can proceed to the sophomore year, when the young students struggle through bacteriology, pathology, pharmacology, preventive medicine, psychopathology; and when they are first introduced to internal medicine, obstetrics, gynecology, and the problems of public health. It can observe them when, in their new white coats, they witness their first surgery. It can follow them through their junior year, watching their confidence and competence grow, seeing them study

pediatrics, dermatology, neuropsychiatry, anesthesiology, therapeutics, otorhinolaryngology, ophthalmology, tropical medicine, radiology, and more, much more, surgery. It can show the seniors, calm, hard-working, following their physician-teachers through the hospital wards; working in the emergency rooms and out-patient clinics. It can show their preceptorships and their internships, where they cope with actual medical problems under the guidance of experienced physicians.

The contrast implicit in showing within thirty minutes the metamorphosis of a frightened freshman into a self-confident doctor is dramatic. Viewers would get the idea, all right.

They would get the idea that all the men received the same training. They would understand that just because a man practices in a city, he is no better as a physician than his classmate who practices in Chaparral Corners. No professional secrets would be violated by such a film. Your ordinary citizen might gain more respect for his doctor if he learns something of what the doctor went through before he was entitled to write M.D. after his name.

OF COURSE, there are medical problems which must be handled by men specially trained in them. Major surgery, rare diseases, developmental difficulties involving complex chemotherapy, psychiatry, poliomyelitis and a few other conditions will have to be treated by

medical specialists for some time to come. Surgery, being a specialty that demands a high degree of manual dexterity, will always be open only to those who possess such dexterity. The others are potentially open to the general practitioner.

To keep a doctor in a rural community, the citizens of that community must give him their confidence. They cannot, after doing their own diagnosing, take what they consider their serious cases somewhere else and leave him only tonsillitis, sinusitis, constipation and emergencies. He can be relied on, in any case where he feels unsure, to refer it to the proper medical specialist. But until he refers the case, he ought to have a free hand.

Neither the public nor the medical profession wants "socialized medicine." But a solution must be forthcoming. If resentment continues to build up because of the inaction of the medical profession in solving the problem of inadequate medical care, no medical lobby supported by the American Medical Association in Washington is going to be able to prevent legislation from being enacted in the interests of the patients primarily.

It's up to the medical profession. It's up to the doctors because they are the organized group of the two groups concerned. They can act independently to solve the problem. Their patients cannot so act; they can only make themselves felt through their legislators.

Lesson in Russian

BY FRANK SISK

OVER a glass of *kvas* the other evening, I began to wonder whether one man could create one world, and it occurred to me that he could if he were to devote his life to explaining the Russian language.

Let's start with the alphabet. Unlike ours, the Russians' has thirty-five letters. Consequently the Russians have access to a greater variety of sounds than we have, although they rarely use them. Some of these sounds, such as "shah" and "shchah," are absolutely foreign to our own alphabet. We spit instead.

However, they do begin their alphabet with "A," and there the similarity starts. And ends. For the Russian "A" is really an inverted "V."

They stand it upright, but they'll be damned if they'll cross it. The Russian "V," on the other hand, resembles our "B."

To the average American, many Russian letters don't look like letters at all. As a result, when a reader runs across a letter cast in a familiar mold he may feel he is beginning to make headway. But he'll be wrong. Take, for instance, the Russian letter that seems to be "H." It's actually "N." And "P" — well, it's pronounced "err" as though it were an Indiana "R." The last two letters of the

Russian alphabet are not "Y" and "Z" but "b" and "b". You can order brandy and benedictine that way, except in Russian, because their "b"s are never uttered, merely used to indicate hard or soft word endings. Hard, indeed!

Stalin, and now Malenkov, have been "idols" among the Russians; but most definitionists realize that the word for "idol" also means "blockhead." Despite thirty-five alphabetical sounds, several of which are unutterable, the average Russian citizen finds his vocabulary loaded with such examples of double meaning. "Weathercock," for instance, is also the word for "ventilator." The verb "to see" is also the verb "to dream."

This interchangeability is rife through the language. Peace talks in Korea understandably could have been brought to a standstill by conferees innocently referring to Stalin as an "idol of the century" (blockhead of the century) who was a "weathercock" (ventilator) of the currents of peace because he had "seen" (dreamed) a brave new world.

You can't even calm them down with a whiskey because the word's the same for brandy. That's why I drink *kvas*. Just a small *glvass*, please.

ALAS, POOR ALICE

By Humphry Bullock

SHOULD you go to London and delve with sufficient patience among the vast records of the former India Office in Whitehall, you may find in the papers relating to estates administered in Bengal in the last century, a copy of a will that runs thus:

9th May 1878. This day I made my will at 12 o'clock and I have given all my property to Julia Colyear she is my sister but she use (*sic*) to call me as her mother. I have got five houses and 28 shares in the Simla Bank and 11 shares in the Delhi and London Bank. I have got two brothers and she must supply them always. Their names are Balmy and Jankoo. ALICE COLYEAR. Signed at 4 o'clock. Witnesses: Dhingroo, Sundar Bemiah, and Hossainbux (*all of whom sign in Nagri script*).

Behind this odd, naïve document lies a love story with a sequel of sudden death and hauntings, and even the shadow of one of those "romances of the peerage" beloved of Victorian novelists.

Let us begin with Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas David Colyear, a natural son of the fourth and last

Earl of Portmore by Harriet Jackson. Born in Middlesex in 1805, he became a cavalry officer in the East India Company's army, serving with some distinction until his retirement in 1851. Like a number of his contemporaries, he elected to settle in the country where he had spent his active life, and accordingly established himself at Simla in the Himalayas, in a temperate climate and charming scenery.

His ties with India were even closer, for he twice married Indian ladies. His first consort was a Mohammedan woman. On her death in 1865, he had her buried in the garden of their residence, "Juba House," in a marble mausoleum he had built.

Within the year Colonel Colyear married again, his new bride being described in the register of Christ Church, Simla, as "Alice, a native Christian and a minor, spinster, daughter of Jewtoo, Hindu." In fact, she had been christened only two days earlier, the baptismal entry showing that she was aged about twenty-two and that her father was a cultivator coming from a village in one of the small states that

abounded in the Simla hills. But despite her lowly origin, Alice was a girl of character and looks, and old residents would recall her as a striking figure galloping along the Simla Mall — only a few years before Kipling immortalized that thoroughfare in *Plain Tales from the Hills* — wearing an English riding-habit (an almost unheard-of thing for an Indian lady to do at that time). It is evident that her husband gave his young wife a Western education and encouraged her to adopt European dress and habits. Their married life seems to have been happy, and a few miles out of the town the old Colonel built a country house for her, affectionately naming it “Alice Bower.”

It was either at this house or another residence of his close by, on the attractive Dukani spur of the hills, that Colyear died in August, 1875. To his widow he bequeathed “Alice Bower” and the other house at Dukani, and one of his Simla properties, as well as half of his money and securities, the other half going to an “adopted son” who was probably a child of his first consort. Alice was now a woman of some estate and, the story goes, her humble relatives heard of her good fortune and flocked into Simla from their distant villages to seek a share of her wealth. But whatever the cause — and firm tradition has it that it was poison — she had not long to live. She died at Simla, suddenly, on May 9th, 1878, at the early age of thirty-five. We

have given the will she made on her death-bed. Her grave is unknown.

HER TALE has met with some garbling at the hands of various writers. The late Sir George MacMunn, for instance, sought to recognize in Alice the prototype of Kipling’s fictional character “Lispeth,” the mission-educated hill girl who had an unfortunate love affair. He calls Alice “Elizabeth” and so creates, doubtless unintentionally, a spurious air of verisimilitude for the identification. Pursuing the false trail, he changes “Alice Bower” into “Elizabeth’s Bower” and, confusing the Colonel’s first wife with his second, buries her at “Juba House.”

After Alice’s death the house (latterly called simply “The Bower”) acquired the reputation of being haunted by her ghost. It maintained that reputation until the ’eighties when the “apparition” was caught by a party of four subalterns who were then living there. It was never seen again.

The last local relic of Alice seems to have been a sweetmeat-seller in a little booth on the Simla Mall who used to be pointed out as a Colyear relative. If so, he was a long way from the peerage.

Julia Colyear, whom Alice calls her sister in the will, was more probably a daughter of the Colonel’s adopted son.

It is over a century since her birth, and in all likelihood no one now living can remember poor Alice.

AMERICA . . .



Where's Your Backbone?

BY DONALD R. WILSON

Former National Commander of the American Legion

THE PAST eight years have brought a rapid repudiation of every quality which has made America great and respected among all men. America has faltered and is failing in the face of the greatest of challenges, that posed by the insidious slave philosophy of the vicious leaders of Soviet Russia. Naïvely, our national leaders have tried to compromise with a ruthless opponent.

They have squandered American dollars in the vain hope that other nations might, out of pure monetary affection, be drawn to us. They have gambled and lost the lives of America's sons in a cause nobly conceived, but miserably desecrated by abandonment—abandonment under pressure from allies whose greatest contribution has been economic treachery and bad advice.

Why did we embark on such a disastrous course?

I ascribe our present difficulties to the "New Internationalism" of which the United Nations is the most

sinister and despicable symbol. By it, I mean the theory that our national self-interest is of no importance outside the context of the national self-interest of those nations which are less inimical to us than Russia and her satellites.

This false principle leads us to the edge of national bankruptcy as we assume the impossible task of trying to finance the world. We also court military disaster. At the same time, we are abused by those who teach that it is a virtue to disregard our own self-interest. The price of questionable friendship comes high under the "New Internationalism."

Also embraced in the term is the theory that peculiar and foreign concepts of economic, legal, and social practices must be made part of our governmental fabric. We are asked to disregard and contradict our own glorious heritage of government. Even the Constitution is under attack and can be destroyed if we don't wake soon.

We are confused and faltering, because, in answering the call to greatness, we abandoned the ideals which had made the New World supreme. We surrendered, as if mesmerized, to the decadent ways of the Old World. We have permitted ourselves to be duped, cheated, and betrayed. All the while, we have cheerfully paid a handsome price in money and blood for the dubious honor of presiding over jackals who have gluttonized themselves on our own political and economic carcass.

How did we come to an acceptance of these alien ways? I suggest that it was a result of a conspiracy playing upon our very idealism.

The Soviets knew that to enslave mankind they would first have to overcome the power of America. This objective might be achieved in a variety of ways. Subversion from within is now going on. Overt military conquest from without is more difficult of accomplishment but is still a part of the Soviet plan.

The "New Internationalism" was a third way for the Soviets to nullify the strength of America. It neutralized the effective material power of the United States by dissipating it throughout the world at the whim of other nations. It enervated the spiritual power of America by enmeshing it in a constant flow of "new" thought and "new" procedures, innocent in sound, but deadly in the hands of conspirators.

Because of idealism, we were peculiarly susceptible to this ideological attack in 1945 and 1946. We had fought in the name of freedom with allies whom we assumed shared our aspirations for peace and good will. We had educated a whole generation of Americans to believe that if only we had joined the League of Nations after World War I, we might have avoided World War II (a thesis often advanced but never proved). The isolationists were discredited by the time of our entry into World War II. We were told that since all nations had been drawn closer together and had to live in harmony or perish, the United Nations was the only way to institute a rule of law among the powers of the world. We bought the idea and strapped our freedom of action to the Russian veto and the faint-heartedness of fatigued allies.

There are some who will deny that we were victimized by conspirators. They will disclaim Russia's role by stating, quite accurately in one sense of the word, that we took the lead in the formation of the United Nations and that Russia was an unwilling participant. But will those same critics deny the role of Alger Hiss? Will they deny the impact of Harry Dexter White and Frank Coe? Will they deny that these are just a few of the infamous names of Russia's agents? Moscow's desires for America must have been reflected by Moscow's agents in America. Those agents were for

the United Nations. Moscow knew America would be harmed by participation in the United Nations. Her agents worked to accomplish that harm — and succeeded.

Since that regrettable time, a New York grand jury and a Senate investigating committee have made shocking disclosures of the number of American Communists or Communist sympathizers who have found their way into responsible positions in the Secretariat of the United Nations, if not with the actual connivance of our State Department, then, at least, because of that State Department's gross negligence or ignorance.

THE "New Internationalism" has shattered our national dignity. We have had to defend our national honor against fantastic charges of aggression, germ warfare, use of poison gas, inhuman treatment of prisoners, and other foul crimes against humanity. Many of these charges were made by Red China, which our "friends" have obligingly recognized and raised to the dignity of one of the legally constituted governments of the world.

Red China has long been seeking formal status before the United Nations. President Eisenhower's assurance, although solemnly given, that the United States will do everything within its power to prevent this, is not sufficient. Red China has the votes to replace Nationalist China. Arguing, entreating, and pos-

sibly groveling before our friends will not prevent them from denying our most earnest prayers. Something more than mere executive assurance is needed.

A group of United States Senators had the answer. It was their thought that a rider to the appropriations bill for the United Nations, cutting off the American dollar contribution to the United Nations if it recognized Red China, would deter further talk of such nonsense. It would have worked. The other nations would not want to lose their precious organ for controlling and confusing the United States, with practically all bills paid by the goat. It was tragic that the President used his enormous prestige to prevent an effective American move which would have put the Red Chinese question to rest once and for all.

Our participation in the Korean War has been a shameful hoax. We have carried 95 per cent of the burden of the war. We have fought it under rules which required that we abstain from victory. We have fought it while the British (our friends) have carried supplies, equipment, and soldiers for the enemy. Now, after three years of war and untold devastation and heartache suffered by the South Koreans, and after our own enormous sacrifices, the United Nations will permit us to disengage in Korea only by leaving matters not one whit better than they were when the war started. I wonder how many more wars the

United Nations would like us to fight at such sacrifice in treasure and troops and without victory!

Another equally fearsome part of the conspiracy against us is the effort consciously being made by our foes, with the connivance of some of our own loyal but witless leaders, to destroy the Constitution of the United States. Has it ever occurred to you that the Constitution could be nullified, while you sat supinely by hoping for peace, witnessing treason, and sanctioning defeat?

Already, state laws have been struck down by our courts on the theory that the Charter of the United Nations, as a formally ratified treaty, supersedes them.

In the famous steel seizure case, three Justices of the United States Supreme Court gave legal sanction to Mr. Truman's unprecedented action on the grounds that the strangulation powers exercised by him were inherent in our obligations under the Charter of the United Nations. If, in the future, two more Justices can be brought to a similar persuasion, our Constitutional protection of property and persons will have vanished.

THESE are only a few of the many complexities in which we have deliberately and unnecessarily become involved. Is it any wonder that we have lost sight of our own peculiar genius and have succumbed to confusion?

The cause of "New International-

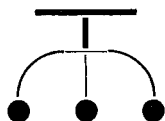
ism" is one we can no longer afford to embrace.

There are those who hysterically scream that this course means embracing "isolationism." In truth, we are already isolated. Soviet Russia and her satellites are arrayed in force against us, both from within and without. Our allies have already deserted us unless we are prepared to purchase their lip-service. We do not choose isolation; it has been thrust upon us. I call upon America, not to create the fact or condition of its isolation, but merely to recognize it.

Some say that without the United Nations, and America in it, there is no hope for peace. The 136,000 American casualties of the Korean War should express America's views of today's phony peace. Other wars on a similar scale and at a similar cost threaten because of the United Nations' lack of realism.

American blood is a precious fluid. In the past, it has been freely spilled in great causes. We must show the world that we will never again permit other nations to open the veins of America's youth in the ruse of discharging our international duty.

Let America proclaim that, when American blood is again poured out, it will be in defense of or in propagation of the American ideal. It will know no compromise. It will have one goal—victory for the principle of man's God-given dignity here and wherever there are men with the courage to demand it.



About Pawnshops in China

By EVA SAXL

TOWERING above low-lying dwellings and pierced by a row of small, well-protected windows, the massive, square pawnbrokers' strongholds are seen dotted here and there throughout Chinese towns and the more important villages.

If you have once seen the typical building occupied by a pawnbroker's establishment, you will recognize other pawnshops right away. They look alike all over China.

In material substance they are conspicuous, but they also hold an equally prominent position in the social economy of the curious and complex product of Eastern life and prudential economy, which constitutes the average Chinese life.

You must dismiss from your mind all preconceived ideas of pawnshops and pawnbrokers. The position these latter hold in China is highly respectable and the business is one in which a wealthy man is glad to invest. In fact, Chinese pawnshops can even be compared to small banking establishments.

Nobody is shy about entering a pawnshop in Cathay. These establishments are usually situated on the busiest streets. They always occupy a massive house, which looks somewhat like a fortification from the last century. The walls are extra thick; the windows tiny and barred. The entrance door is ridiculously narrow, and on the flat roof of the two-story building, heavy blocks of stone are kept ready for emergency.

Pawnshop-keepers have to take every kind of precaution to guard against robbers, bandits and other unruly elements, of which China has more than its just share. When robbers attack a pawnshop, the owner rushes up on the roof and starts to throw the heavy blocks of stone down on the heads of the assailants.

The pawnshop-keeper in the village of Feng Hwa told me that with the aid of his son he had once warded off an assault on his shop by throwing the stones on his roof down on three bandits. He even killed one while the other two fled.

"Pushing the stones down was easy. But to bring them up the narrow staircase was another matter," the shopowner complained. "I had to hire several coolies and pay them a tidy sum of money for carrying the stones up on my roof again. These heavy blocks had never been moved since the time my father built the house fifty years ago. Labor was cheap then; my father did not care how many coolies had to carry one block, but I did!"

WHEN one enters a pawnshop by the narrow front door, one is confronted by a counter about six feet high. There is little in the room except some ready cash in drawers behind the counter. Names and addresses of pawners are required in some parts of China, as in Canton, when articles are left. Thus when stolen goods are located in the shop, the thief is often found by some clue contained in the name given.

The old-fashioned pawnshop is barren of goods, but modern ones in large Chinese cities have started to display unredeemed goods. The limit of the redemption period is eighteen months, after which the pawnier cannot secure the goods unless he again pays interest of approximately 25 per cent per year.

The clientele of the pawnbrokers does not consist alone of the spend-thrifts and the hopelessly impecunious. About fifty per cent of those who frequent pawnshops come from the most respectable classes.

The Chinese, unlike Occidental, have nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, any idea of such a thing as shame with regard to such a common and honest business transaction would not enter their minds.

The pawnshop is a safe depository for the gentleman's or lady's furs in summer, where they will be well taken care of and preserved from moths. In winter, summer garments of thin, delicate silks may be carefully housed in the same storage.

Important customers are usually invited into the inner room, so that business may be transacted over a cup of tea. A cigarette or a water pipe is often offered.

The pawnshops always have spacious storage rooms with compartments for jade, pearls, diamonds, silver or gold ornaments, clothing and furs. Each article is neatly wrapped and tagged.

Some pawnshops in the interior of China have additional warehouses where cotton may be pawned and stored. Some even take furniture.

In important cities there are pawnshop guilds to which qualified shops belong. Three pawnbrokers, duly elected by their guilds, look out for matters in the territory affecting the interests of shops and guild members.

The pawnshop holds to customs of doing business practiced hundreds of years ago. In fact, long ago the pawnshop proved itself one of the most conservative business institutions in China.

CONVICTS

Take the Cure

By GEORGE DOLAN

IT ISN'T easy for a guy to go on a bender while he's in prison. Inmates figure all their weekends behind bars are lost — but not because they've fallen off the wagon.

Still, in Huntsville, Texas, an Alcoholics Anonymous chapter flourishes in "The Walls" — prisoners' tag for the main unit of the Texas prison system.

"There's no problem here of a man going out on a drunk," admits the sponsor, Howard L. Sublett, "but liquor is the reason they're here. They were slaves to a bottle."

The AA members behind prison walls are trying to condition themselves mentally for a return bout with the free world when — and, in some cases, if — they leave.

Sublett, the chapter's sponsor, is the 28-year-old assistant director of the prison system's Bureau of Classification. A thin, dark, intense

young man, he donates his time and is one of the few non-alcoholics in the world able to take part regularly in an AA movement. He's as wrapped up in the program as are the alcoholics. His only "pay" comes from results.

A 35-year-old Dallas ex-convict paid him a bonus early this year. The former prisoner, who joined the chapter in "The Walls" while serving a ten-year robbery term, rejoined his wife and two children when he was released.

"You'll never know how happy I am," he wrote Sublett. "I'm working every day in a machine shop. And every night I drop on my knees and thank God I was able to find myself through Alcoholics Anonymous."

He was a member of the original group organized in June, 1948, at the penitentiary. Inmates them-

selves formed the chapter; and they run it, too.

Members meet every Sunday afternoon and are often joined by AA's from the free world.

The bond between "inside" and "outside" members of the AA movement is strong. "When an Alcoholics Anonymous member leaves prison," says Sublett, "he invariably is met by free members. They take him into their homes, lend him money and help him find a job. This follow-up work is half the battle."

THE "inside" members have no secrets from one another. At their Sunday meetings they rehash their lives and the influence alcohol has lent.

The spiritual therapy has helped the chapter secretary, a 28-year-old former Air Force man from Detroit, sentenced to life imprisonment in 1950 for rape, decide that "I've got something to live for now. Alcoholics Anonymous has given me faith, hope, and a chance to prove my worthiness to face the world — if the day comes."

"I had been under the influence of liquor for ten years," he continues. "I was drunk at the time of the crime. I was wearing a uniform, try to be a big shot."

Another member, 44, who is serving a twenty-year sentence for robbery, says he's been an alcoholic since he was twelve. "I was born and raised in Arkansas, where a lot of booze was made. My older

brothers and their friends drank. I began drinking to be part of them."

He was in "The Walls" for three years before he became an AA member. "It's changed my attitude. For a period I thought I had been mistreated. I didn't feel like I'd got any justice. Now that's water under the bridge. I have two kids. The height of my ambition is to try and show them I mean to do right by them. I have a son I worry about. His mother is an alcoholic. I feel like it's my fault she is . . ."

Another member, a 53-year-old San Antonio mechanic who has served five years on a two- to sixty-year murder rap, says he's been "a drinking man" for thirty-five years. "I was blacked out when the crime was committed."

Two years before the slaying, he recalls, "one of my employees talked to me five minutes about Alcoholics Anonymous."

A year later, his wife showed him some AA literature. "I never did read it," he says sorrowfully. "I can see now if I was out there I would have gone farther than the man did with me, to help a man find this program. I've learned a wonderful lesson. But it took a terrible thing to bring me here to it."

Prison officials, delighted with the results of the AA chapter, plan to take the lead in extending it into every penitentiary unit.

"Alcoholics Anonymous is their insurance not to come back here," says Sublett.



SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Caesar* is a play with a fast-breaking curve. It starts out as a ringing cry for freedom, but suddenly becomes a lesson in politics — preaching that the unbridled individual who makes his own moral law destroys both himself and his freedom. Orson Welles, in the old Federal Theater days, tried to give this lesson an anti-fascist twist but he fumbled. In the M-G-M film — starring Marlon Brando, James Mason, John Gielgud, and Louis Calhern — *Julius Caesar* is played as straight theater and spectacle.

Now the sound track, or selected highpoints of it, have been issued on a single long-playing record by M-G-M (E 3033). As always, the spoken Shakespearean word rings with a clear and startling note. And the record captures a good deal of the excitement of a Rome in crisis. But the production suffers from John Houseman's misdirection. There is too much emphasis, too much speed of delivery, as if Shakespeare could be made palatable to

the great unwashed only by ramming him down its throat before the flavor touched the taste

buds. As Cassius, Gielgud is good, and Mason makes a properly tortured Brutus. But Brando as Mark Antony kills both the pathos and the saw-edged ironies of his great "Friends, Romans, Countrymen"

speech by bludgeoning it to death. Despite these ungrateful words, the recorded *Julius Caesar* is worth the tariff and, until the real thing comes along, belongs in any respectable collection.

Franz Liszt has come to be consid-

ered a headlong romantic, expressing his soul (in T. S. Eliot's line) "through his hair and fingertips." The sparkling bravura passages notwithstanding, he was a musician of great precision whose compositions were solidly founded and carefully contrived. This is especially true of his *Piano Concerto No. 1 in E-Flat*, which has been recorded for Columbia by Claudio Arrau, whose rhetorical style (so unsuited to Mozart or Beethoven) is particularly apt in this context. The Columbia record (ML 4665) beautifully reproduces the piano's sonorities and the full-bodied voice of the Philadelphia Orchestra as it is excellently put through its paces by Eugene Ormandy.



When the great cellist Emanuel Feuermann died in 1942, he left behind a recorded legacy of his art. In its "Special Collector's Series," Columbia has reissued Feuermann performances of the Haydn *Concerto in D Major* and the Schubert *Sonata in A Minor* for cello and piano (ML 4677). Both sides are a sharp improvement over the original issues on 78 r.p.m. shellac; they stand up against much of the current LP recorded output. This last, unfortunately, cannot be said of Felix Weingartner's orchestral transcription of Beethoven's *Sonata No. 29 in B-Flat Major (Hammerclavier)*, also in Columbia's Collector's Series (ML 4675). The Royal Philharmonic Orchestra sounds slightly muffled, particularly in the higher frequencies, but Weingartner's transcription of Beethoven holds so faithfully to the spirit of the original, and his delineation of the music is so fine, that the lapse in recording brilliance is easily overlooked.

ON THE POPULAR SIDE, the Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz compendium, *The Bandwagon*, has been taken off the movie sound track by M-G-M (E 3051). The score has little or no connection with the songs and rhythms of the old stage hit. But it does bring together the best from the pens of the composer and lyricist — all sung in his usual two-dimensional manner by Fred Astaire — aided by Nanette Fabray and Jack Buchanan.

"Dancing in the Dark," "I Love Louisa," "Louisiana Hayride," "A Shine On Your Shoes," and other memorable hits speak for themselves.

As an added attraction, there is the *Girl Hunt Ballet*, a satire on the tough school of fictional detective, narrated by Astaire. Its parent is the Richard Rodgers *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue*, but it can stand on its own gently spoofing merits.

The sultrily impudent Silvano Mangano, who can do a bump-and-grind without moving a muscle, can also sing. There is more sex than *solfeggio* in her voice, but so far no one has complained. Her song, "Anna," from the film of the same name, is a Latin-type concoction, and it can be heard on M-G-M's *Pop Parade* (E 211) along with that richly sentimental song from *Moulin Rouge* (Buddy De Franco & Orchestra), "Your Cheatin' Heart" (Joni James), "Caravan" (Billy Eckstein wailing), "April in Portugal" (Blue Barron), and other tunes on the hit parade list.

So far no one has thought to put on record the *Moulin Rouge* song, a beautiful tune, as beautifully sung by Zsa Zsa Gabor's dub-in for the film. The lyrics there are mature apropos, and lovely — as opposed to the new lyrics written in Tin Pan Alley hack style, which, infantile though they be, are the only ones heard on records, radio, and in night clubs.

R. DE T.

NOBODY *likes* TROUBLEMAKERS

by Alfred Kohlberg

IN September 1938, President Beneš of Czechoslovakia did not resist when his allies, Britain and France, turned over half his country to Hitler. In March 1939, when Hitler took the rest, he submitted. After the war, when General Patton was ordered to withdraw so that in 1948 Stalin could take the whole country, Beneš again submitted. We honor Beneš for his realism in accepting the multiple sell-outs.

In 1943, King Peter of Yugoslavia agreed to ditch Mikhailovitch, leader of his resistance, in favor of Tito, who murdered Mikhailovitch and threw King Peter out in 1946. We honor King Peter for not making a scene when sold out by his big allies.

In 1945, Premier Mikolajczyk of Poland accepted the cession of two-fifths of Poland, agreed to at Teheran, and the Communist-controlled Lublin dictatorship arranged at Yalta. In 1947, Mikolajczyk escaped with his life. We honor him for keep-

ing his mouth shut about that sell-out.

In 1945, Chiang Kai-shek dutifully sent envoys to Moscow and signed the secret terms of Yalta, previously agreed to by his big allies, Churchill, Roosevelt and Stalin. In 1946, we honored him by insisting he accept a coalition government and by embargoing arms, while Stalin armed the Communists.

IN 1953, President Syngman Rhee refused to accept the sell-out of his country and released 30,000 anti-Communist prisoners. He is the first head of a small ally to refuse acquiescence in a sell-out. No wonder we hate him! If we do not now destroy him and his country with all speed, his example might prove contagious.

Let us, therefore, display our annoyance by refusing to honor him, as we honor the good-natured "co-operators" — Mikolajczyk, Peter, Beneš, and Chiang Kai-shek.

Books In Review

BY FRANK S. MEYER



WHAT kind of men are they who let loose the horrors of the totalitarian state? For intimate knowledge of the personalities of the leaders of Bolshevism, we shall probably have to wait till after the destruction of Soviet power, till the documents are released and the men who know, dare to write freely. In the case of that other scourge of the 20th century, Nazism, these conditions have already been fulfilled. We have been learning a good deal about Hitler and his colleagues.

The savagery of the concentration camps, the mass murders and the destruction of culture made one think in the days of Nazi power that the responsible men must be colossal Luciferian personalities of evil. **Hitler's Secret Conversations, 1941-1944** (Farrar, \$6.50), confirming the accumulating evidence, reveal no such colossus — only a man of narrow, petty hatreds, whom chance and a powerful will elevated for an historical moment.

This collection of informal table

talk between Hitler and his intimate associates seems genuine beyond question. The material was taken down under the supervision of Martin Bormann, Hitler's closest aide during those years. His aim was to preserve for posterity the random thoughts of the Fuehrer; and there is little reason to suspect distortion.

These ranting, hate-inspired ignorances and prejudices must differ little from what one might have heard from a thousand frustrated, opinionated village bores in Germany in the years just after World War I. But the book is fascinating. Hitler was not a village bore, but a world conqueror and destroyer. Mediocre as was his mind and spiritually empty as was his soul, he had a will powerful enough to pull together all this flotsam and jetsam of underworld scurrility and half-baked theory into nightmarish consistency. And that extraordinary will, combined with what must have been a paralyzing hypnotic force of animal magnetism, was able to impose on

millions the acceptance of that nightmare as truth. Only in a society where at all levels religion and tradition had lost their grip upon the imagination of men could such rodomontade have carried the Nazi movement beyond the bedraggled fiasco of the Beer-Hall Putsch.

AS ONE reads these repetitive pages, the surprising conclusion is inescapable that in reality not the Jew or Marxism, but Christianity is for Hitler the real enemy. The Jew is, of course, the figure of his enemy; but it is Christianity and the whole spirit of Western culture for which his deepest hatred is reserved. "The heaviest blow that ever struck humanity was the coming of Christianity. Bolshevism is Christianity's illegitimate child. Both are inventions of the Jew." This is the *leit-motiv* of his thinking, repeated in one form or another every few pages.

It is astonishing to me that H. R. Trevor-Roper, in an introduction which is otherwise brilliant, can say that the construction of Hitler's weird system shows "mental power," that he was "a powerful systematizer of ideas." He was indeed a "terrible simplifier" let loose upon the world. That simplification, however, owed little to the mind and much to the will, to a will exercised in a condition of civilization where a vast and dreary spiritual emptiness had come into being. There is little sign of any true power of mind in this incredible junk heap

of opinions — on history, technology, finance, economics, nations, peoples, gasoline motors, art collecting — thrown out with the arrogance of ignorance, without foundation or reason.

Apart from this strange judgment, the Introduction is an excellent guide. The impression of Hitler's personality the book gives can be very well summarized in Trevor-Roper's words: "No word he ever uttered even so much as touched the human spirit . . . He did not know the meaning of humanity . . . Love meant nothing to him . . . And as for the purpose of human life, that futile quest which nevertheless is an index of humanity, it was for him merely that Germans should be the masters of the world."

The Tragedy of Weakness

As if to provide a moral, another book has simultaneously appeared, the memoirs of one of those whose heritage and beliefs, had they remained strong and vital, should have been able to stand against the Hitlerian flood. Franz von Papen's **Memoirs** (Dutton, \$6.50) seem undeniably sincere. It is too easy to score as excuses and lies every statement by non-Nazi Germans who continued to serve their country even under Hitler. In the case of Von Papen, Vice-Chancellor in the first Hitler cabinet, who has been held heavily responsible in paving the way for Hitler's ascent to power, that accusation might seem more

just. And yet, it seems not to be. This apologia of a conservative and a Catholic is a convincing argument for his subjective "anti-Nazism."

It reveals, however, a greater tragedy. Despite his conservatism, despite his loyalty to the traditions of German monarchism, despite his Catholicism and his honest aversion for everything the Nazi movement stood for — its politics, its racism, its anti-religious ideology — he shows in his very apology how, in the face of gathering disunity, he floated along on the surface of events, surrendering position after position, until it was too late. There is no need to deny his *bona-fides* when now he writes so feelingly of the horrors of Hitlerism, but it is legitimate to condemn his failure, and the failure of men like him, to stand against the tide.

He speaks of his "many mistakes and errors of judgment," but it is not mistakes and errors of judgment which made it possible for Hitler to say of him, in his table talk: "We owe a debt of gratitude to Papen, by the way, for it was he who opened the first breach in the sacred Constitution. It is obvious one couldn't expect more from him than that."

No, but Western civilization expects no less than that a man in Von Papen's position shall under no circumstances open a breach in our spiritual and social defenses against the dark forces of the 20th century. Of how many well-meaning liberals have Communists been able to say

what Hitler said of Papen? And, neither in Papen's case, nor in that of the liberals who play the same role for Communists, is it primarily a matter of mistakes and errors of judgment. It is something much more fundamental, a loss of grip upon the deep spiritual truths which *are* the civilization of the West.

Apart from such considerations, there is much else of interest in these *Memoirs* — among other things, a critique of the rationale and practice of the Nuremberg trials, which should give every American thought. And, as in the Hitler conversations, a great many hitherto-unknown facts about the politics of the years before and during the war are brought to light.

THE NEWLY published sections of the diary of Mussolini's Foreign Secretary, **Ciano's Hidden Diary, 1937-1938** (Dutton \$4.00), also provide a great deal of historical material, and in addition make most entertaining reading. Count Ciano is an egotistical blackguard with an engaging ability to picture people and events with a malice which, if it is not always accurate, is inevitably amusing. Without in the least meaning to, he pictures himself and Mussolini, whom he admires to the point of idolatry, in the most unflattering light. Even the little King, who is the object of their bitterest hatred, comes out undesignedly as a much more reputable personage than either of them.

Spain

One by-product of these books is of distinct current interest. They contain, as it were, a backhanded exoneration of Franco from many of the charges against him which have been common coin since the Spanish Civil War. Hitler, Mussolini, and Ciano alike regard him not as one of themselves but as an ally whom, unfortunately, they had to support for reasons of policy, but who belonged to the world they wished to destroy.

Undoubtedly the attitude towards Spain which has shaped Western policy in regard to that country has been based upon a minimum of information and a maximum of propaganda and prejudice. The word "Fascist" has been thrown around wildly without specification. On the other hand, those who have attempted to answer these charges have, on the whole, restricted themselves to the argument from expediency, that Spain would be a loyal ally against the Soviets. When they have gone farther, it has generally been to make blanket denials of the charges without explaining the peculiar characteristics of Spanish society sufficiently to convince those not already convinced.

Into this welter of confusion, James Cleugh's **Spain in the Modern World** (Knopf, \$4.75) brings an element of clarity. In a comparatively short and admirably organized book, he discusses the history and devel-

opment of Spain and the characteristics and outlook of the people, concluding with an illuminating consideration of the present situation. While Mr. Cleugh is an admirer of the Spaniards and is deeply disgusted with the Western quarantine, his book is quietly and objectively written.

Spain is not a typical European country. It has stood, in a way, outside of Europe, at the meeting ground of Africa, Europe and America. The impact of eight hundred years of Moorish occupation has left a permanent impress on the psychology of the people. These factors and the deep and integral Catholicism which is the greatest operative force in their lives, have made of the Spanish a nation unlike any other in the West. The liberal revolution of the last three or four hundred years has never deeply affected them. But out of their history, and supported by their religious outlook, there has arisen a passionate sense of the "dignity of the individual" which Mr. Cleugh finds to be their outstanding trait.

THIS it is which makes nonsense of the accusation of fascism and totalitarianism. It is true that corporate, not parliamentary institutions, are the form of Spanish social organization. It is true also that Franco wields dictatorial powers — tacitly accepted, it would seem from the evidence of the years since the war, by all but the most extreme sections

of the nation as preferable to another civil war. There is no sign of that worship of the state, that destruction of all competing institutions, which is the political hallmark of totalitarianism, Fascist and Communist alike. Multiple institutions, in particular the family, the Church and the municipalities, are regarded as essential to a well-ordered society. They exist side by side with, not subordinate to, the Army, the Falcange, and other state organs.

We certainly have the right to believe passionately that such a form of organization is not so conducive to the liberty of the individual under God as is our constitutional republic girded by the Bill of Rights. But it is not only unjust, it is stupid, to refuse to see that this is a society which in a different way stands for the same ideal as we traditionally do. Perhaps, indeed, it preserves some virtues we tend to forget.

Policy by Slogan

The exclusion of Spain from the Atlantic alliance is based on a foreign policy conducted by catchword and slogan. Like Calvin Coolidge's preacher, we are "against sin." Everybody is against Communism and the Soviet Union. Nobody in a responsible foreign-policy position has substituted for vague slogans a carefully thought-out policy which could guide the massive strength we are accumulating and vindicate the crushing expenditures the country is called upon to make.

One opens a book by John J. McCloy, former Assistant Secretary of War, former President of the World Bank, former High Commissioner for Germany, called **The Challenge to American Foreign Policy** (Harvard, \$2.00). That challenge, it might be thought, is the challenge to formulate one. But no. Two-thirds of Mr. McCloy's book is devoted to administrative and technical proposals, some sensible, some based on false premises, some absurd — such as the proposal for a new kind of diplomatic representative, a combination social-worker, Santa Claus, and evangelist.

The opening section would seem at first to have something to do with the "challenge to American foreign policy," but instead we find the now all-too-familiar pattern. The most assiduous analysis of what he has to say will find only that he, too, is "against sin"; that the Soviets are very bad; that we must arm; that we must be very nice to our allies. As far as policy, as far as a plan of action in this desperate struggle that is being forced upon us is concerned, the nearest Mr. McCloy comes is: "It will be our task for many years to come to discern the meaning of the fact that there are two colossi in the world: the one, free; the other, slave."

A few years ago it was true to say that to understand this fact was the first thing that Americans had to do. It is curious that now that it is fully understood by the American people

beyond the possibility of anyone's throwing any more dust in their eyes, leaders like Mr. McCloy place it as the task which should occupy us for the next decade or so. If we think about it long enough, instead of thinking about what to do about it, we shall all, no doubt, conclude the process of "discerning the meaning of the fact" in the grave or the slave-labor camp.

Or, consider **Truth Is Our Weapon** by Edward W. Barrett (Funk & Wagnalls, \$4.00), from 1950 to 1952 Assistant Secretary of State in charge of the "Information" program. It is a farrago of advertising lingo dressed out in inspirational terms, unilluminated by a gleam of hard thought. He is grossly ignorant of the theory or practice of our enemies, to the point of committing a dozen crass errors of fact or interpretation when he discusses them. The meaning of words has degenerated in his mind to the level of radio jingles, so that he is incapable of distinguishing the difference between truth (which is arrived at by intellectual effort and the intuition of faith) and propaganda (which is the rhetoric of persuasion) and psychological disruption (which is the weapon of guile in war).

Diplomats and Demagogues

The Diplomats, 1919-1939, edited by Gordon A. Craig and Felix Gilbert (Princeton, \$9.00), a collection of essays on the outstanding ambassadors and foreign secretaries

of the inter-war years, portrays nothing more vividly than it does the deterioration of the common principles and the common beliefs which make possible intercourse between man and man, nation and nation. Leaving aside the occasional judgments of the writers — much of it inspired by rather doubtful assumptions about the meaning of the history of these years — the mass of material here collated and presented with commendable vivacity gives invaluable insight into the motivations of the men who, as the twilight descended upon civilization, resisted the developing chaos or sped it on its way. The most significant passages, however, are those which show the best of them hampered and bewildered by the breaking loose into the realm of diplomacy of mass passion skillfully guided by demagogues. In front of their eyes, diplomacy has ceased to be what it had been for hundreds of years, "the great engine used by civilized society for the purpose of maintaining peace," and is becoming rather a sounding-board for the lowest and most degenerate impulses of the human race.

Sloganizing, a debased rhetoric, has taken the place of reason in diplomacy as in the discussion of policy, domestic and foreign. It is this danger in the modern world to which Richard M. Weaver's **The Ethics of Rhetoric** (Regnery, \$3.50) seems to be directed. This excellent if rather difficult book, scholarly yet

biting, analyzes the use of rhetoric in the best tradition, calling on Plato, Edmund Burke and Abraham Lincoln among others, to illustrate its meaning, and concludes with a devastating critique of the contemporary use of rhetoric. It throws a great deal of light on some of the problems raised by the books discussed above.

"Curiouser and curiouser . . ."

It is another index of the decline of the power of intellectual criticism that a reputable publisher can bring out such a strange book as Earl Jowitt's **The Strange Case of Alger Hiss** (Doubleday, \$3.95). This Socialist peer, formerly Lord Chancellor (the British equivalent of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court), has nobly provided those whose emotions refuse to allow them to believe that Hiss is guilty with a choice collection of sophistries.

Lord Jowitt's argument is this: (1) that Hiss is such a fine young man and Chambers such a disreputable rascal that not much weight can be placed upon Chambers' testimony; (2) that the circumstantial evidence which backs up Chambers is inconclusive.

His summary of that circumstantial evidence contains so many distortions of the material relating to the case that it is hard to believe that one of his legal eminence could be so slipshod. The publishers themselves had to hold back the book for some time to correct the most glaring

errors, but the corrections made seem dictated more by the desirability of not being caught in downright error of fact than by a disinterested desire to arrive at the truth. The distortions are qualified, but the innuendos based on them remain as virulent as before. Whitaker Chambers, it would seem, must be pilloried again.

There is one fact which was not known to the jury but which must have been known to Lord Jowitt, who presumably reads the newspapers. The omission of any mention of that fact is extraordinary. Or, on second thought, perhaps it is not; because it utterly demolishes the structure of his tendentious argument. Nathaniel Weyl has testified under oath, since the trial, that he knew Alger Hiss as a dues-paying member of the Ware unit of the Communist Party. This piece of evidence, which gives confirmation of the veracity of Chambers' testimony, independent of typewriters, documents, rugs, cars, and apartments, is never mentioned in this book which Lord Jowitt says he wrote "to present the facts fairly to the reader so that he may become acquainted with the issues involved and form his own conclusions."

In Brief

I Was A Captive in Korea by Philip Deane (Norton, \$3.50) is a profoundly moving account of the fortitude of journalists, missionaries, diplomats, and plain G.I.'s in cir-

cumstances of utmost brutality. Mr. Deane's book is much superior to many others of the kind because of the honest, unvarnished way in which he tells his story. It is a first-class piece of reporting.

James Michener's novel, **The Bridges at Toko-ri** (Random House, \$2.50), lacks exactly the quality which makes Mr. Deane's book so excellent. It contains some fine passages about the jet flyers of the Navy and the heroism that was routine in Korean waters; but the characters are wooden, their emotions presented in the expected Hollywood manner, and the plot pat and uninspired. It is altogether too slick to carry the burden of Mr. Michener's intent, to bring home the courage and sacrifices of the Korean War. The men of the American forces deserve a little more integral effort from the writer, a little less attention to the requirements of a movie scenario.

Like all good stories of espionage, true and fictional, H. J. Giskes' **London Calling North Pole** (British Book Centre, \$3.50) has its full share of excitement. It is the story of how German counter-intelligence captured an underground radio station in Holland, linking the Dutch Resistance with British intelligence, and operated it for two years, with costly results for the Allies. In an epilogue, one of the captured Dutch agents of British intelligence describes his persistent and fruitless efforts to

warn London. Why London did not respond to his warnings is still an unsolved puzzle.

Olaf Stapledon, one of the most stimulating writers of our time, wrote in a most unlikely medium, science fiction. **To The End of Time** (Funk & Wagnalls, \$5.00) is a welcome omnibus selection of his work. The stories are typical of his best — imaginative projections of man's possible development, not merely projections of the dead-level of existing men into never-never land, the usual theme of science fiction.

The Book of Health (Elsevier Press, \$10.00) is an excellent compendium of medical information, prepared by a board of leading physicians. It answers a long-felt need for a reference book in which the medical profession treats the layman as an intelligent human being. It is well organized, clearly written, and magnificently illustrated.

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